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White Collar Girl—Ginger Rogers

When Ginger Rogers took the screen role of Kitty Foyle, heroine of Christopher Morley's best-selling novel, she felt she was playing for the twenty million "white collar girls" of America whom her role typifies, and, she said, "I couldn't disappoint them." What she made of this portrayal of the girl who goes to work spick and span in the morning, comes home tired and flat, shares an apartment with two friends, hangs up her washing in the bathroom, and talks with her room-mates late into the night about men and marriage, was recognised by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences when they gave her the award for 1940's best piece of screen acting (thereby reducing her to tears). More pictures of *Kitty Foyle*, now at the Gaumont, are on page 193.



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Conduct of the War

PARLIAMENT is debating the conduct of the war. Mr. Churchill's Government is asking for a vote of confidence. Obviously that vote will be given. That does not say there will not be frank expressions of constructive comment. For what other purpose does Parliament exist? Happily criticism is no longer identified with party political allegiances. We not only have a National Government but a Parliament of National Union. All the more, therefore, must attention be paid to prudent counsels when these are advanced by men who are neither out to make trouble nor content to rest as units in an affirmative phalanx.

During the past few weeks one has seen developing, mostly behind the scenes, two converging flows of pressure upon the Imperial Government in Whitehall. They come from our English speaking allies; to wit from the Dominions and from the United States. With Britain these allies are united to procure the ultimate defeat of the Axis Powers, no matter at what cost or at how far distant a date. Each in their respective ways is prepared to make whatever sacrifices may be seen from time to time to be necessary. But each is requesting a full share in responsibility for direction and conduct of the war.

There have recently been signs that these requests, if unheeded, may be strengthened into demands. Already there have been indications from Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. For some weeks now the War Cabinet has had the benefit of the personal assistance in London of Mr. Menzies, the Australian Premier. I fancy that Mr. Menzies would like to stay on as a permanent member

of an Imperial War Cabinet, such as we had in the 1914-18 phase of the world struggle against Germany. It has been reported that the New Zealand Premier, Mr. Frazer, will come to London for consultations, but there is no foundation for stories that General Smuts has been invited to come to London from South Africa.

Powerful Arguments

So far Mr. Churchill has set his face against all suggestions for reinforcing his Cabinet by bringing into it statesmen from the Dominions. But the Dominions, pointing to the Statute of Westminster, whereby their self-governing status was further enhanced, recall that they have freely joined in the war against the Axis as nations bound by no alliance but willingly united with Britain under the Imperial Crown, and feel, in some cases, that they should have direct representation in the Supreme War Council, wherever it may sit.

From Washington one hears of no less cogent arguments being advanced. There the administration wishes to be informed fully on all aspects of the British Empire's war strategy, short-term and long-term, military, political, economic and financial alike. Having constituted themselves the largest arsenal of the Empire's war effort, committed as they are to an expenditure on behalf of the Empire which alone may mount to £10,000,000,000 (ten billions sterling) in the next five years, and now pledged to "bring the tools to us" they feel justified in their request. Indeed, I venture to think that were this information withheld—as obviously it is not and cannot be—the deliveries of those so vitally necessary "Lend-Lease" supplies of all kinds would be held up indefinitely.

U.S. Brains Available

AMERICA, in short, desires to play her full part in restraining and afterwards defeating decisively those "seventy million malignant Huns" and the ambitious regimes in other countries now staking their insecure dictatorial futures on the prospects of Axis world domination. She thinks highly of her own best statesmen and her soldiers and sailors who have been studying the course of this war since long before it broke loose upon the world. She desires that their intelligence should be employed; in short, that the Allied effort should not fail for want of direction by the best brains to be found among the 200,000,000 people available.

While America has the highest respect and regard for Mr. Churchill, it must be satisfied that Britain's present War Cabinet and machinery for conducting the war is necessarily the best at our disposal. From that there obviously arises the question whether the main co-ordination of Anglo-American policy should be conducted in London or in Washington. Clearly Lord Halifax, as head of a powerful British mission in the United States—and incidentally as a present member of the British War Cabinet—will be kept fully informed by cable and telephone of all that is passing at "Imperial G.H.Q., London."

But equally clearly Britain is bound to keep her most active directors of the campaign here. It is in London that the great decisions must be taken from day to day, even from hour to hour. And, as I have pointed out on more than one occasion in the past, the American mission in London, headed by Mr. Winant, is of first-class ability in all spheres. These men, at their offices in Grosvenor Square, know best how to interpret to their opposite numbers in Washington the thoughts and decisions conveyed to them by the British leaders in London. In Mr. Ben Cohen they have with them one of the finest "draughtsmen" in the world. He will know exactly how to word the telegrams. In Washington our Embassy can add the requisite supplementary answers to questions. But the London Government can hardly derogate its functions and powers to the subsidiary body, the Embassy in Washington.



Silage Propaganda for Farmers

Last week the Minister of Agriculture inspected the two mobile exhibition vans which have now gone out to tour the countryside, instructing farmers on silage. Illustrations, models, charts, diagrams, posters, sound equipment, and experienced instructors are the mediums used. The vans were drawn up near the neat and flourishing Ministry of Agriculture allotments in Hyde Park when Mr. R. S. Hudson (here with a Land Girl member of the crew) gave them their send-off



Fire Pictures for America

Mr. Latham, Chairman of the L.C.C., and Sir Walter Monckton, Director-General of the Ministry of Information, saw the exhibition of paintings, drawings and photographs of London under fire which is being sent to New York and other American cities and to Canada as well. Three London Fire Brigade officers are also going, at the invitation of New York's Fire Chief McElligott. They are District Officer D. D. Ivall, Auxiliary Fireman Rudolph Haybrook, artist and designer, who has work in the show, and Auxiliary Fireman C. E. J. Palmer, house-painter and decorator

British Information for U.S.

I MENTIONED last week the pressing American requests for fuller and quicker information from Britain in Press messages. Now I hear that the Government is considering an entire reorganisation and re-staffing of the British information services in the United States. Mr. Jack Wheeler-Bennett, who has been doing splendid work out there for some time is marked out for greater responsibility. Probably with the British Library of Information in New York. But I fancy that other extensive changes are in the wind, though decisions may not be taken until the Government here has received a report from a highly trusted commissioner who happens to be on a visit to America for different immediate purposes. For the moment his name cannot be mentioned.

Meantime some spade work has been done by Mr. Charles Peake, a former head of the Foreign Office News Department in London, who accompanied Lord Halifax to Washington and has been establishing a wide range of contacts in, but also out of, American high society. It was reported last week that Mr. Peake would soon be returning to London. But it may well be that the Foreign Office, attaching due importance to information for America, may decide that he should remain where he is for the present.

Minister's Adventures

THE "tense but farcical situation" at Kotor, when H.M.S. *Regent* lay in the harbour flying the White Ensign and surrounded by large forces of the Italian army, while a naval officer searched on shore for the captured British Minister to Yugoslavia, seems to belong to a more light-hearted and romantic age than our own.

It was excellent news that Mr. Ronald Campbell had arrived safely, though too late for a dramatic rescue, at Kotor. Nobody knowing him would have expected other of him than that he would remain at his post until he was satisfied that he had taken every possible measure, under most difficult circumstances, to ensure the safety of his staff, remaining British residents, correspondents and any diplomats of Allied countries still in the country.

Whenever he is free to tell it Mr. Campbell will certainly have a thrilling narrative to recount. For weeks he had laboured night and day in the effort to speed up Anglo-Yugoslav joint plans. That followed on a no less intensive period when Prince Paul's Government was procrastinating and shilly-shallying before the final act which provoked the rising of the people.

Despite the pounding given to Belgrade by the *Luftwaffe* Mr. Campbell, I gather, was most reluctant to proceed to another town whence communications were almost impossibly difficult and throughout behaved with complete disregard for personal safety. He looks something of a soldier but in the days when I knew him well he suffered, like so many diplomats, from acute dyspepsia. After what he has been through during the last two months it would be a miracle if his health had not suffered to some extent.

Anxious Russia

BRITAIN was intrigued last week by reports in Moscow's *Pravda* to the effect that some 12,000 German troops had been landed at Åbo, on the south-western Baltic shores of Finland and no more than seventy miles from Hangö, which was leased by Finland to Russia for a period of thirty years under the peace terms after the Russo-Finnish war last spring. These troops, the equivalent of about half a German division, were said by the Russian correspondents to have arrived in four transports, bringing an appropriate complement of tanks, artillery and other equipment.

**Queen Mary Inspects V.A.D. Nurses**

Queen Mary recently paid a visit to a Red Cross and St. John convalescent home in Gloucestershire, where she inspected nurses belonging to the local V.A.D. organisation. She went round the wards and spoke to many of the patients: troops in training who are recovering from illness or injury. Many of them are undergoing treatment, and those who were able formed an informal guard of honour and cheered Queen Mary as she left the hospital

This story followed on the heels of reports a week earlier that certain considerable German forces had lately been transferred from Norway to Finland. If in the meantime these reports are confirmed we shall be entitled to deduce that Berlin is getting into position for a war of nerves against Russia. We have already noted the disposition of some ninety German divisions—to wit, two and a quarter million men—along the Russo-German frontier from the Baltic to the Black Sea. We have also noted that the technical commentators in the Soviet Press have for some weeks been writing articles on developments in various theatres of war which might well have been inspired by the British Ministry of Information in Bloomsbury—assuming, of course, that the functions of Mr. Duff Cooper's department were to make "propaganda" rather than to make available reliable information.

What does all this mean? To recapitulate what we all can see for ourselves would merely be wearisome. Moscow knows that Germany is about to "turn on the heat"; that the steam pipes are to be aimed east as part of the Hitler plan to acquire Russian-owned oil, food, and mineral bearing properties north and east of the Black Sea and to expedite the bloodless capture of Turkey. Russia, anxious to emerge at the end of the war unweakened, is apprehensive. Stalin is committed to defend all the territories of the Soviet Republics. Are the German claims, put into cold storage when the Russo-German non-aggression pact was signed in 1939, about to be revived?

On the Grand Scale

HITLER's plans, if they are to succeed, must rely on the punctual execution of many difficult operations. A failure here or a delay there may throw out the whole programme and expose him to a tiresome reverse. Let us frankly recognise, then, that he aims to dominate not only all Europe—including perhaps Russia in Europe—but also all Africa north of the equator. In certain respects he is mad. But he has not so far exhibited impatience or made many false moves. On

the contrary, he has done various things which were proclaimed by his enemies to be impossible. Most recent of these is the transfer to Tripolitania of a very considerable armoured force, whose units are already nosing their way into Egypt and the Soudan.

Undoubtedly Hitler believes that within a predictable period he can obtain the undisputed right to exploit Ukrainian and Transcaucasian raw products including oil, capture the Suez Canal, close the Straits of Gibraltar (with the aid of Spanish Morocco) and swing French North Africa onto his side (with the aid and connivance of Admiral Darlan) despite the frail resistance of General Weygand. He may even believe that he can regain for the Axis those territories which for a time Rome described as the East African Empire.

Seventy Millions Not Enough

IT would be foolish for us to dismiss these plans as the dreams of a lunatic. Portions of them may achieve temporary realisation. Fronts may ebb and flow across continents. Should the struggle be sufficiently prolonged Germany may even succeed in building a fleet. But suppose that something goes wrong. Suppose that Alexandria and Port Said decline to fall; that Allied forces in Irak and Palestine prove obstinate; that Turkey refuses to be "taken cold"; that the Royal Navy seriously obstructs the Sicily channel; that Spain hesitates and Gibraltar proves tough. How easily the plan might go astray.

And if all goes well for Germany? Can those 70,000,000 malignant Huns, most of whom are engaged in holding down the countries they have already occupied, battered by a steadily increasing British bomber force—can they really extend their control over a further 14,000,000 square miles of the Mediterranean and Africa, another 3,500,000 square miles of Europe and thence proceed to Asia and the New World? Seventy million people do not go far when eight must stay at home for every one in the front line and when the front line must always be weakened for "police duties" in the occupied lands.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Nostalgia at Victoria Palace

My gifted colleague . . . I wonder, by the way, whether this journalistic fulsome-ness has not perhaps had its day. I, for one, would be delighted if the low hound responsible for the two pages—two, ye gods!—devoted to "Standing By . . ." were to begin an article, "The mindless buffoon whose nauseating drivel about the Cinema fills us with measureless scorn . . ." But I divagate.

As I was saying, my gifted colleague, Mr. Herbert Farjeon, must not take it amiss if I say a word about one of the turns in the new show at the Victoria Palace. This was the turn called "Famous Firsts," and had to do with the first appearance of famous film stars. Some to me were merely names. I cannot think that I ever saw Theda Bara, though I still possess a picture of her torn out of an early film magazine. This shows the first of the screen vamps bending over a skeleton. Beneath the picture are the words: "She picks 'em clean, does Theda!"

Most of these early stars I remember perfectly.

But then, who that ever saw Janet Gaynor could forget that waif? Perhaps I was never a Mary Pickford fan, holding that a smile like a Pickford van was a shade too broad even for a world's sweetheart. But there, at the Victoria Palace, she is, with hands and feet as large as life, bless her. Before Marie Dressler I bow down with the ruck of common mortals, and always did. To have done otherwise would have been as outrageous and unthinkable as, in the modern world, to refuse allegiance to Mr. Middleton. The Castles, Vernon and Irene, came in for a round of applause from the Palace audience. I never understood their popularity. They

were a charming and devoted couple, it is true, but is not the world full of charming and devoted couples? As for their dancing, I am afraid that the swish of a skirt and the flick of tails leave me unmoved, and that if I must watch ballroom dancing I prefer it to be at Blackpool.

And then we were given one glimpse of Rudolph Valentino, that extraordinary combination of Greek god and Soho waiter. Put him into modern films, dress him in the modern fashion, and give him the modern cocktail bar for background, and I believe that your Robert Taylors, James Stewarts and Tyrone Powers would fade into the light of common day. But there was something uncommon about Valentino, something that rendered the fuss made about him not wholly ridiculous. There have been better lookers and better actors, but I do not think that we get at the secret by saying that he was the screen's first and best combination of looker and actor. There was a quality which moved the late Humbert Wolfe to a new exquisiteness and a new metre in his poem, "Valentino Goes to Heaven." This appeared originally in "The Bermondsey Poetry Book," and Humbert never reprinted it. But when, a year or two ago, I asked him for a copy he went to extraordinary trouble to dig out an early transcript of which I give a few verses here:

He was so slight a thing,
he was so white a thing,
with his beautiful body, and the sinuous grace
of his tenuous face.

He was so unbroken a thing,
so half-woken a thing,
with his ignorant beauty, and air of a stupid
theatrical cupid.

He was so unintentional a thing,
he was so unproved a thing,
that he smiled at the gate as though Peter were
his own photographer.

He was so trifling a thing,
he was so heart-rifling a thing,
that an angel was caught by the nebulous grace
of his fabulous face

and seeing him so mean a thing,
so in-between a thing,
cried to St. Peter, "O Peter be merciful
to this mock-Parsifal."

I AM not prepared to believe that the screen today is possessed of any actor capable of moving your Audens and Isherwoods to any comparable ecstasy, benign or bitter. Come now, a challenge! What about an "Ode to Mickey Rooney"? Or even "Stanzas to Spencer Tracy"? No, I hold that Valentino was unique, and that Humbert's celebration of him will remain unique.

About three seconds of Sarah Bernhardt as Queen Elizabeth (I think) were vouchsafed. Three ridiculous seconds in the eyes of those who have not the right kind of eye. This film was made in the days when the camera was so slow that it could not depict slow-moving things. Men walking appeared to run in little comic jerks, like marionettes, and the same thing applied to the motions and features of a player. Last, in a turn which is divided equally between nostalgia and laughter comes Charlie Chaplin in something about a skating rink. Here is proof, if proof were needed, that at his first appearance the little fellow made rings round all screen comedians past, present and to come.

THE films at the moment of writing are mainly comic ones. At the London Pavilion W. C. Fields is abounding in his own sense, which is the best thing he can do. I, at least, shall never advise him to seek what Milton went so very near describing as "fresh fields and pastures new." At the Empire are the three Marx Bros, funnier than ever always provided you think them funny at all. In my view Groucho is a genius; the others bore me stiff. At the Regal are Rosalind Russell, of whom I am seeing plenty, and Melvyn Douglas, in some not witty bosh about being married in name only.

On a recent afternoon I visited the Carlton and found a young woman giving a wonderful impersonation of a female crooner. Never, I thought, had I seen such a devastating attack on witless inanity. For half an hour I sat petrified with admiration. And then I discovered that what I was witnessing was not an attack, and that I was intended to take Miss Bonnie Baker seriously. The point was reinforced when in the next film, about Jack Benny and Fred Allen, a young woman gave an audition for a dance band. Singing well she was in danger of being turned down. Whereupon she started to bleat like some half-witted, Wordsworthian sheep, and was rapturously taken on.



"City for Conquest"; James Cagney Plays a Boxer and Ann Sheridan Is His Girl

In a story that seems faintly reminiscent of Clifford Odets's "Golden Boy," James Cagney (seen a week or two ago in "The Fighting 69th") now plays a New York boxer who nearly goes blind from the resin rubbed in his eyes off his opponent's gloves in a big fight. Elia Kazan (left) is one of boxer Danny's friends; Donald Crisp (right) is Danny's fight manager

Ann Sheridan seems to have oomphed herself into a regular girl friend of tough guys on the screen. In "City for Conquest" she is Danny's girl friend until she jilts him for a sleek dancer (Anthony Quinn) with whom she goes into professional partnership. But she goes back to Danny in the end, of course. Anatole Litvak produced the film, which went to the Warner Theatre last Friday



Kitty (Ginger Rogers) has just decided to marry a young doctor (James Craig) who has loved her for a long, long time. But half an hour later, the man she herself has loved, married, and left, walks back into her life, begging her to run away with him to South America. This big emotional crisis sets Kitty looking back over her life since she was a dreaming schoolgirl of fifteen



(Right) Kitty in her best clothes went to tea with the fashionable mother of the young man she married. English Gladys Cooper plays the Philadelphia hostess

Kitty remembers herself a pigtailed and sailor-suited girl, already fascinated with the idea of social glamour. Not all the scoldings of her father (Ernest Cossart) could cure her. Later she got a job working for a rich young man, fell in love with him, and married him

"Kitty Foyle"

Scenes from the Film Which Won
Ginger Rogers Her "Oscar"

Christopher Morley's best-selling novel about a "white collar girl" who married a Philadelphia socialite was published in England a year or so ago. RKO-Radio filmed it, and chose Ginger Rogers for the heroine—thereby giving her the role which won her the Motion Picture Academy 1940 award—and cast Dennis Morgan and James Craig as the two men in her life. David Hempstead produced, Sam Wood directed. *Kitty Foyle* went to the Gaumont, Haymarket, on Sunday



Kitty's marriage into a different social world from her own was a failure, and she left her husband and went back to her working-life. She shares her room with two more "white collar girls" (Mary Treen and Katharine Stevens)



Dennis Morgan is the rich young man whom Kitty married, had a child by, left, and met again just when she had decided to marry her devoted doctor. In this scene the handsome young Philadelphia bachelor is taking the little secretary, with whom he has fallen in love, to visit his mother for the first time

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Under One Roof" (St. Martin's)

THE managerial problem of the moment is to find the right kind of play for the wrong kind of time. This play, which might have seemed "advanced" in 1911, seems in 1941 so much behind the times that, sitting in my stall at the St. Martin's, I felt like a ghost of the critic that I used to be, revisiting the glimpses of an old auditorium. The domestic suffering on the stage left me unstirred. The parental oppression struck a strangely abstract note. Yet this parental oppression was intense enough. Bill Howard, the prosperous builder, cowering his wife, chivvying his children, drinking more than was good for him, considering nobody's welfare but his own, might once have been, may one day be again, a lesson to us all. But not just now. What makes managers in times like these put on plays like this was the really interesting question of the afternoon. Even the programme girls, with tea in the interval, seemed more relevant.

BILL HOWARD certainly made life difficult for his wife and his son and his daughters. Not only did he drink, he sang. His son, sent down from Oxford, was made to play the piano while he roared out "Because" at the top of his untuneful voice, which untuneful voice he rather fancied. And when this performance was mercifully over, he insisted that

his son, who wanted to go on the stage, should go into the business instead, starting in dungarees at nine like any common workman. Our hearts might have bled for the boy a few years ago. Just at present his lot doesn't seem so terribly awful.

He couldn't, however, stick it. He sneaked off to the B.B.C., unbeknown to his father, but bekknown to everybody else. And when they heard him sing, they engaged him on the spot. Came the great night when he was to broadcast. Till the last moment the secret had been kept. But cats will out. On the stroke of time, Father Howard learned the infuriating truth. Alone in the room, he turned on the wireless. And if his boy didn't have the cheek to start singing "Because" or was it, after all, such cheek? From fury the expression on the face of David Horne melts into gratification as the curtain slowly descends. It isn't a bad curtain, but a curtain is all it is, for when the play starts again, Father Howard creates as much as ever. He was, it seems, only leading us up the garden path for the author's dramatic effect.

KIM PEACOCK, who wrote this play, gives us another strong curtain later on when Father Howard, as the result of an apoplectic rage, sits gasping for life on the sofa. Will the old man die? We don't think he will, but we do think



Ronnie Howard, son of the house (Christopher Willard), an old family servant (Maire O'Neill), and Bill Howard, bibulous bullying father of the family (David Horne)

he will be very, very ill. Yet when the curtain goes up again, he is as well as ever he was, and again not a word is said about it. All of which is rather like the last lines of day-to-day feuilletons, where a step is heard on the stairs, to be continued in our next. But when the continuation comes, the excitement turns out to be nothing in particular—just a maid coming up to light the lamp or clear away the tea things.



Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen



Jean Howard (Ann Farrer), Auntie Dee (Molly Hamley-Clifford), Bertha Howard (Gillian Adams), Linda Howard, wife of the tyrant Bill (Mercia Swinburne), and Anne Howard, wilful daughter and unmarried mother (Dorothy Hyson)

LAST scene of all is Father Howard's birthday party. Now (one doesn't quite know why) he repents. Now he gives a blessing to his boy, who has got a job in "a worth-while musical comedy." Now he receives once more the daughter who, after a disappointment in love, has had an affair with a not-very-worth-while man, given birth to a baby, and steered clear of the Howard home. Happiness is crowned by the announcement that she is going to marry an extremely nice and highly presentable gentleman who will willingly father the child.

Ghosts! ghosts! as they say in *Ghosts*. But there is some remarkably good acting by Mr. Horne, who composes a complete picture, animated with the liveliest detail. And (of course) a gem of a performance by Maire O'Neill in the lamentably small part of an Irish maid. Every time she enters, though it is usually only for five seconds, and to make such simple statements as "There'll be no jellies," she sweeps the board. Her punctuation is the essence of comedy.



"I used to be the pride of the harem,
The Sultan sent for me each day, he never missed.
I always had a lot of fun as long as I was Number One
But I've been pushed an awful long way down the list:
Number 203 . . .

At first he used to call on me at any time of day;
Now I'm lucky if I see him every other Christmas Day.
Number 203 . . .

It isn't really fair for I'm an artiste in my way,
I'm like a great musician with no instrument to play.
Number 203 . . ."

"Two Hundred and Three"

Inga Andersen Sings a Cabaret Lament
About a Girl Who Fell From Favour

Inga Andersen can act (she was the physical culture instructress in *The Women*), and she can dance (she first came here as the leading Albertina Rasch Girl), but for real success she sings. Cabaret songs she sings—gay and sad songs like "Put It Down to Glands" or "Vestal Was a Virgin" or "All the Men in My Life" or "Two Hundred and Three" (very sad, as these pictures prove). The last three ditties are her newest, and she has been and is still singing them at the May Fair to audiences who can't have enough of Miss Andersen. But soon she is off to Bournemouth, where she and Edward Cooper are to be stars in a new revue

Photographs by Anthony



Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Lovely Party

GENERAL and Mrs. Scanlon's party for Mr. and Mrs. Winant and Mr. and Mrs. Biddle was a really grand and gay outing. It was at Claridge's, and everyone wore their best. There were beautiful flowers sent up by Lady Astor from the country, delicious drinks, and little eats as decorative as they were edible.

To look at, Mr. Winant is like a charcoal drawing of a great big bashful boy—very black and white, with that sincere simplicity of the nicest Americans. Mrs. Winant was in black and pink—attractive pink feather flowers in her black hat and a high-necked pink blouse.

Mrs. Scanlon is one of the most charming and popular people in London. She knows quantities of people, but however many there are at her parties she always seems to manage to remember them all individually. Her little round white hat trimmed with cherries was real spring.

Mr. Anthony Eden appeared, skimming slimly through the two big, crowded rooms, and there were plenty of other Government people: Lord and Lady Simon, Sir Kingsley and Lady Wood, Sir Charles and Lady Portal—she is a very sweet, gentle person—and people from every Ministry, and the Ministers themselves, only in the crowd it was a bit hard to be sure of the right names and faces. Miss Irene Ward was a nice woman M.P. there.

More About It

LADY COURTNEY looked very attractive in the smartest possible clothes: a little black satin top-hat with a veil, black satin suit with a basque, silver foxes, lilies of the valley, and white flower ear-rings. Mrs. Charles Sweeny had a plain, wine-coloured coat and hat, and Lady Kemsley's daughter, Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys, who is tall and dark and well worth seeing, wore a bright red coat, and a tiny round red hat on the back of her head. There were sequins on Lady Willingdon, and Lady Trenchard's hat had a peak. Lady Ravensdale was there, and Lady Reading; Lady Alexandra Haig wore her nurse's uniform.

Captain Dudley Forward was what a child friend of mine calls "smiley." Such a pity men don't wear their hats at parties—I love those check Scots Guards ones. Perhaps, however, it is as well to be spared the gloom of a sea of black felts which might attend diplomatic gatherings. Anyway, Captain Forward had the sad little story of one of his subalterns who is undergoing a month's C.B. as the result of having been listed at a party by me. I hope he won't be in a mood of Gangster's Revenge when he comes out.

Mr. Menzies was looking pink and cheerful. Commander Bailey was there, and there was a mixture of uniforms from Norway, Poland, Czechoslovakia.

An amusing dress was pink, with everything to do with a circus printed on it in black outline—clowns, elephants, plumed horses and all.

Out Dancing

THE NORMANDIE, in Knightsbridge, is pleasant for eating and dancing, and there were some nice people there the other day. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Culme-Seymour, who were married a few weeks ago, were dancing. Mrs. Dudley Porter, looking very nice in a hat with flowers, was enjoying dining out after many months of coping with troubles and illness.

Sir John and Lady Heygate, he in battle-dress, were together, with a party. She is lovely to look at: he, of course, is well known as a writer. His (I think) last book, *These Germans*, is a vivid contribution to an absorbing subject. Squadron Leader Oliver Barnet, who carries on his legal work in spite of R.A.F. uniform and rank, was on his own.

Mr. Algy Rumbold, whom I knew years ago, failed to recognise me, although I did him. All the stranger since he has become bald in the interval, and I haven't.

In Yorkshire

AIR raids in London have brought a positive boomlet to trading concerns and hotels in safe areas. Thus the Majestic, at Harrogate, which this time last year was largely forsaken, is now crowded with all sorts of people.

Amongst those seen there lately were the Belgian Ambassador, and Lady Boyd-Carpenter, with her married daughter, entertaining a large luncheon-party, including Mary, Lady Mowbray, her son, Major the Hon. John Stourton, M.P., who was recuperating after bad influenza; also her daughter, the Hon. Charlotte Stourton.

There was a dinner-dance, too, at which easily the loveliest woman was Mrs. Thornton-Berry, looking quite ravishing in an enchanting star-spangled dinner frock which suited her blonde type and girlish figure to perfection.

Many leading fashion places, too, have moved to Harrogate. Enormous quantities of the famous waters are being consumed, eking out the local stocks of French wines which grow daily scarcer.

From Essex

CASTLE HEDINGHAM is a real castle in the middle of a mediæval toy village, and it is the busiest hive of local activity. Under its grey Norman keep—from which I'm sure Queen Matilda or someone escaped clad in white—live the Majendie family, who are descended from the extinct de Veres, the first Earls of Oxford.



Mother and Daughter in Uniform

This picture of Lady Mary Cambridge and her mother, the Marchioness of Cambridge, was taken when Queen Mary visited a convalescent home in the West Country. It is run by the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation, with nurses from the local V.A.D. detachment to which Lady Mary and her mother belong. The latter is Quartermaster; her sisters-in-law, the Duchess of Beaufort and Lady Helena Gibbs, both live in the neighbourhood.

They have thrown themselves wholeheartedly into the war. Lady Jane Lindsay, whose father was twenty-fifth Earl of Crawford (and Balcarres), delights her young relatives with her jolly jokes and her childhood memories of rolling bandages for the wounded heroes of the Franco-Prussian War.

Miss Musette Majendie has already been decorated in peacetime with the O.B.E. for her work in training unemployed miners to become neatly-polished butlers and footmen. Is also a Commissioner in the Boy Scouts.



A Christening in Yorkshire

This group was taken after the christening at St. Cuthbert's Church, Barton, near Darlington, of Anthony Ord, second son of Flight-Lieut. and Mrs. Peter Vaux. In the group are Mrs. Ernest Vaux, grandmother, Master Louis Bols, Flying-Officer O. Morrogh-Ryan, uncle and godfather, Mrs. Peter Vaux, Flight-Lieut. Peter Vaux, holding his elder son, Peter Ernest Roylance Vaux, who was an interested spectator, and "Nanny" with Anthony Ord, the new baby.

In an Eighteenth-Century Drawing-Room

STANDING in the drawing-room of the castle was an old harp and some exquisite Queen Anne pieces. Below was the lake, upon which swans still glide, to complete an eighteenth-century picture. War artist Eric Ravilious, acknowledged as outstanding at the recent National Gallery Exhibition, who himself occupies a charming Georgian house in the village street, called at the castle early one morning, saw the possibilities of a symphony in white swans, and in the white dust-sheets over the harp, and began to paint. The castle servants came in, and in confusion began to remove the dust-sheets, and were bewildered by Mr. Ravilious's refusal to allow this.

Local Canteen

WHILE Lady Rycroft, kinswoman of Lord Halifax and granddaughter of Lord Belmore, is busy as a senior warden, her two pretty daughters produce a phenomenal number of never-dull sandwiches in an unusually gay canteen (also Georgian!).

Witty and attractive barrister Shirley Cocks, who was almost as well known in literary circles of Paris and Budapest before the war as she was in the more formal atmosphere of the Temple, has taken the Robert Gooddens' delightful house. His father, who was Military Attaché in Helsingfors during the Russo-Finnish war, sent each of his four sons to different public schools, beginning with Eton and Harrow.

Dress Note

MR. CECIL BEATON has done himself justice in a gorgeous dress for Miss Frances Day in *Black Vanities*. It is white, bouffant, with glimpses of green and, final coup, masses of lilies of the valley all over the behind. Freudian, but effective. Perhaps the beginning of a fashion for this new locality. "Her only ornament was a magnificent diamond brooch at the base of her spine." "Fur lapels decorate the hips at the back," etc. Soldiers' wives could transfer their regimental brooches from hat to hip.

A.R.P. Revue

CHelsea A.R.P. workers put across an excellent revue at a school in Hortensia Road, Chelsea, produced by Hedley Briggs.

Mary Hinton, who was particularly good doing various types of shelterers in shelters, is Mrs. Pitt-Rivers, and a daughter of the late Lord Forster, of Lepe, Southampton, formerly Governor-General of Australia. She played in *Asmodée*, at the Gate Theatre, and was also a great success in a Jean Cocteau play, *Les Parents Terribles*. She has converted two cottages in Bury Walk, Chelsea, into a most charming house. Her two sons, Julian and Michael, enlisted after leaving Eton.

Another ex-Governor's daughter performing was Pamela Stanley, showing versatility after Queen Victoria by singing and tap-dancing with Max Kirby, whose wife, Catherine Kirby, was another of the cast. Messrs. Courtney Hume and Neil Porter were extremely good whatever they did, and got lots of laughs; Mr. Charles Fletcher sang beautifully; young Stanley Harris played the accordion; there was part-singing by a lot of firemen, and Miss Erica Greer looked very pretty selling programmes.

New Cocktail

"TIME WAS MINE" is equally good, both as an idea—for most people, now, an entirely abstract one—as a book title and as the name of a cocktail. It is the name of Captain Derek. Tangye's travel-book, and also of a cocktail invented by him, and made of Crème Banana, Dubonnet, and gin. An alternative name suggested was "Tahiti Passion"—anything that could work up present-day Londoners to anything approaching that would be well worth its price. The Savoy bar was the birthplace of this poison. Someone staying at the Savoy at the moment is the illustrious Mr. Noel Coward, about whom there are always so many extraordinary rumours.

Welcome Syrup

ANYONE suffering from the sugar shortage should go along to the Odeon to see Charles Boyer and Margaret Sullavan in *Back Street*. Hurrah for enduring passion! (When first confronted with Dr. Marie Stopes's work with that title I understood it to mean bearing the said passion with equanimity.) Hurrah for twenty-five years of solid romance! Charles Boyer's eyes dwell with all that wealth of meaning only

**Penguin Publisher Engaged**

Mr. Allen Lane, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Williams Lane, of Ipsden, Oxon., founder and director of Penguin Books, the popular sixpenny editions, is engaged to Miss Lettice Orr. She is the eldest daughter of Sir Charles Orr, Governor and C.-in-C. of the Bahamas from 1926-31, and of Lady Orr. Miss Orr was photographed with her fiancé and his fox-terrier at his home at Staines

they can convey throughout this long and charming love-affair, during which the characters grow old before our eyes with that rather creepy suggestion of butterfly existence, racing from start to finish in the space of a few hours.

Rather sad to have it end with Charles Boyer the victim of a paralytic stroke. The sensitive shrink from seeing their heroes mouthing helplessly upon their death pillow.

A CORRECTION.

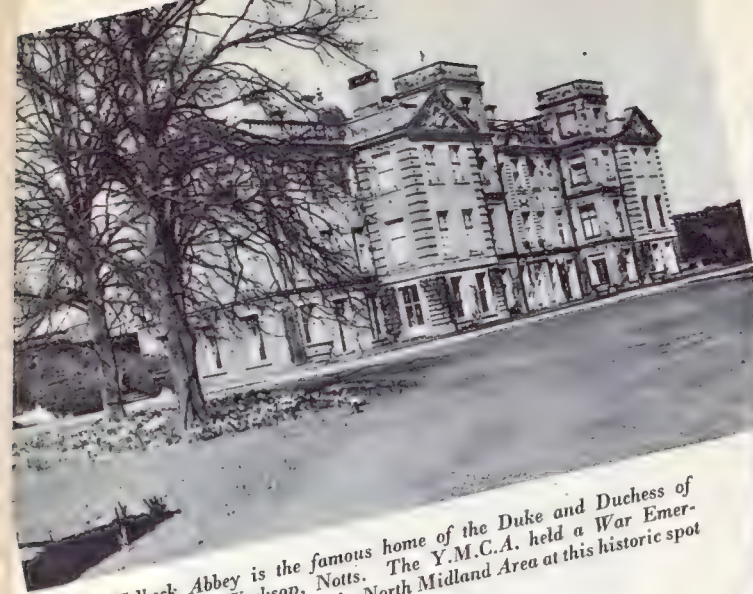
In our issue of April 16th our Social Correspondent referred to Christabel, Lady Amphil as Christobel Russell. We much regret this mistake.

**A Christening in Surrey**

Deirdre Alexandra were the charming names given to the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Lawrence at her christening at St. Mary's, Horsell, Woking. In this group are the Countess of Winchelsea, one of the godmothers, Lieut.-Colonel the Rt. Hon. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, Minister of Transport, godfather, the parents and the child, Captain Nigel Fisher, Welsh Guards, godfather, and Viscountess Carlow, godmother. Mrs. Lawrence was Miss Elizabeth Corcoran

**A Christening in Berkshire**

The small son of Mr. J. H. James and Lady Ann James, eldest daughter of the Earl of Enniskillen, was christened Michael John Frederick Lowry at Ashampstead Church, near Reading. He is in the centre of an admiring group. His godparents are Lord Burnham, Mr. H. V. Markham, Secretary to the Admiralty, Viscount Duncannon, Lady Teviot, Lady Frances Cole, younger sister of Lady Ann James, and Mrs. Dennis Cohen. His parents were married in 1935



Welbeck Abbey is the famous home of the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Worksop, Notts. The Y.M.C.A. held a War Emergency Council Meeting of the North Midland Area at this historic spot



With the Duke of Portland, in front of the mobile photographic exhibition, are his daughter-in-law, the Marchioness of Titchfield, formerly the Hon. Ivy Gordon-Lennox, his granddaughter, Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck, the Duchess of Portland, and Lady Longmore, wife of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore



The Duchess of Portland stood with Lord George Cholmondeley, who holds a mug of tea, beside one of the Y.M.C.A. tea cars (laden with delicious-looking rolls) which were on display at the War Emergency Meeting

At Welbeck Abbey

The Scene of an Important Y.M.C.A. Meeting

A recent War Emergency Advisory Council Meeting of the North Midland Area was held at Welbeck Abbey, the home of the Duke and Duchess of Portland. There was a display of tea cars; and a mobile photographic exhibition showing the war work done by the Association was on view to members of the Council. In recognition of her splendid work, Mrs. Bertram Abel-Smith, the Joint Hon. Sec. of the National Women's Auxiliary, presented the Duchess of Portland with a gold brooch on behalf of the Y.M.C.A.



Major Warner Turner, who has been the Duke of Portland's agent for some time, talked to Captain John Farr, the well-known racehorse owner



Left: Mr. Lang, Divisional Secretary for Midlands Area, Y.M.C.A., and Mrs. Bertram Abel-Smith, Joint Hon. Sec. of the National Women's Auxiliary, had a talk to Mr. F. Willis, Secretary of the Y.M.C.A.



Right: Field-Marshal Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd, the Earl of Liverpool, and Mrs. Richard Ravensley were others who attended the Council Meeting at Welbeck

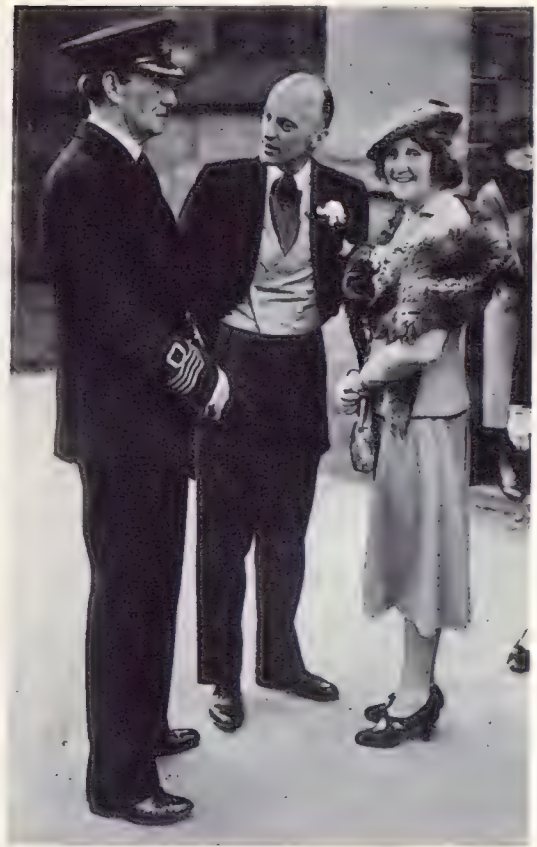
Two Weddings of Last Week

Captain Needham is the eldest son of Major the Hon. Francis and Mrs. Needham, of Greenhills, Tilford, Surrey, and nephew of the Earl of Kilmorey, whose heir-presumptive his father is. Miss Helen Bridget Faudel-Phillips is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Lionel Faudel-Phillips, Bt., who died in March, and Lady Faudel-Phillips, of Balls Park, Hertford



The Needham—Faudel-Phillips Wedding at Hertford

Captain Jack Francis Richard Patrick Needham, Grenadier Guards, and Miss Helen Bridget Faudel-Phillips were married very quietly (owing to the bride being in mourning for her father) at All Saints', Hertford, and went to Cumberland for their honeymoon. With them here is the bridegroom's brother, Mr. Peter Needham, who was best man



Captain the Earl of Kilmorey, R.N.V.R., the bridegroom's uncle, Lady Cynthia Slessor, the bridegroom's aunt, and her husband, Mr. Rodney Slessor, were at the wedding. Lady Cynthia Slessor's first husband was the late Earl of Jersey, and she is the mother of the present Earl



The Longmore—Williamson Wedding

Flight-Lieut. William James Maitland Longmore, R.A.F., and the Hon. Jean Williamson were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, with a reception at 6, Stanhope Gate, and went to Scotland for their honeymoon. Miss Williamson wore a parchment satin dress and a tulle veil, and carried a big bouquet of yellow roses and white heather



The Best Man

Another airman, Squadron Leader Royd Fenwick-Wilson, D.F.C., A.F.C., was best man to the airman son of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore. He was awarded the A.F.C. about a month ago



Bridegroom's Mother, Bride's Parents

Lady Longmore was photographed, after her son's wedding, with Lord and Lady Forres, father and mother of the bride. Her husband has been in command of the Royal Air Force in the Middle East since last year. She is Scottish, and was Miss Marjorie Maitland. Lord Forres served in the last war in France, Egypt and Gallipoli, and was mentioned in despatches

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

COLONEL LINDBERGH'S latest declaration that Great Britain is defeated, that the war is practically over, and that American aid should cease demonstrates once more that the adulation lavished on that small-town hick in this country was not sufficient. We should have laid it on with cynical abandon and cunning relish, as the Germans did.

Never before in history did a dumb, spotty young man win so much idolatry by doing so little; for which reason, if you ask us, the great Disraeli should have been alive to bulldoze him with that subtle, shameless Oriental flattery of which he was a master, and the Colonel would not now be rooting so wholeheartedly for the Nazis.

As for the somewhat parallel case of Countess Edda Ciano, ruler of Italy, to whose frigid reception by Mayfair a few years ago a student of affairs was recently and with reason attributing the Axis Treaty—for La Ciano flounced straight on to Berlin in a huff and was welcomed like the Queen of Sheba—we think a few smart women and society hostesses should be spoken to severely, and perhaps beaten on the bustle with a hairbrush. (Platinum, if you insist, with a chaste floral design entwining the initials.) One smile displaying six teeth at most, and a luncheon invitation might—who knows?—have saved us at the last moment the deplorable necessity of having to wound and bash the beautiful Mother of arts and civilisation.

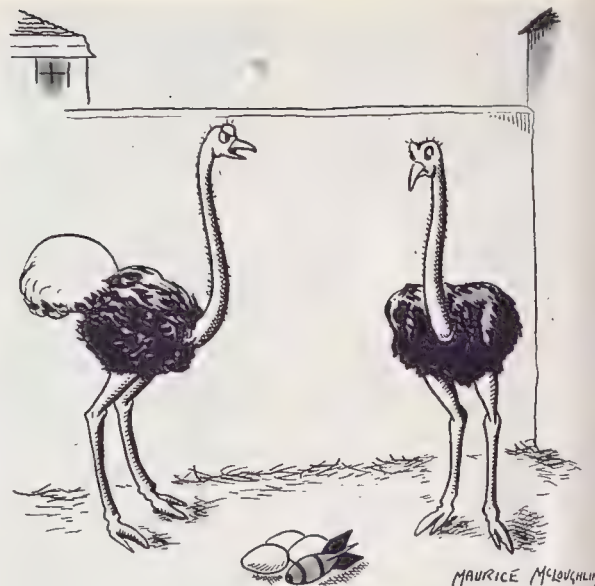
Afterthought

THE smart women responsible for this incredible diplomatic gaffe are still, we observe, bouncing to and fro, ordering people about and behaving as if there were no complaints. There are complaints, and if the hairbrush already mentioned turned out to be the size of a tennis racket, with a whacking great Union Jack in enamel (or, if you insist, in rubies, sapphires and diamonds), few lovers of justice would complain.

Mirage

FOR the privilege of sleeping in a barn in a Somersetshire village a Bristol bombed-out wife and two children were recently asked thirty shillings, which shows that for all those drawing-room ballads about cider and cream and rosy-cheeked cheerio, the West Country peasant can go after the dough as smartly as his opposite number in the north of France, about whose financial acumen so many chaps complained in World War I.

Mankind has so long cherished the illusion that perpetual contact with cows and birds and daisies breeds simple kindness and Arcadian altruism that these things are always a shock. This monstrous fable began so far as we know during the Renaissance, when Sidney in England and Honoré d'Urfé in France and Montemayor in Spain and a few more courtly poets began suddenly



"I told you not to eat that Government scrap metal"

surrounding the avaricious hayseed pan with a halo and proclaiming that rural life was based exclusively on Love. This caused eager City slickers to rush into the country to watch the shepherds carving Amaryllis's and Phyllis's names on every tree and to enjoy that free country hospitality, frugal but delicious, mentioned by the poets. They generally staggered back to Town starving, with their skins intact and nothing else; and naturally, to save face, they kept silent about the true situation. Meanwhile, the hayseed, his cunning eyes aflame and his gnarled hands horny with illicit gain, was laughing so much that he could hardly beat his wife at nights.

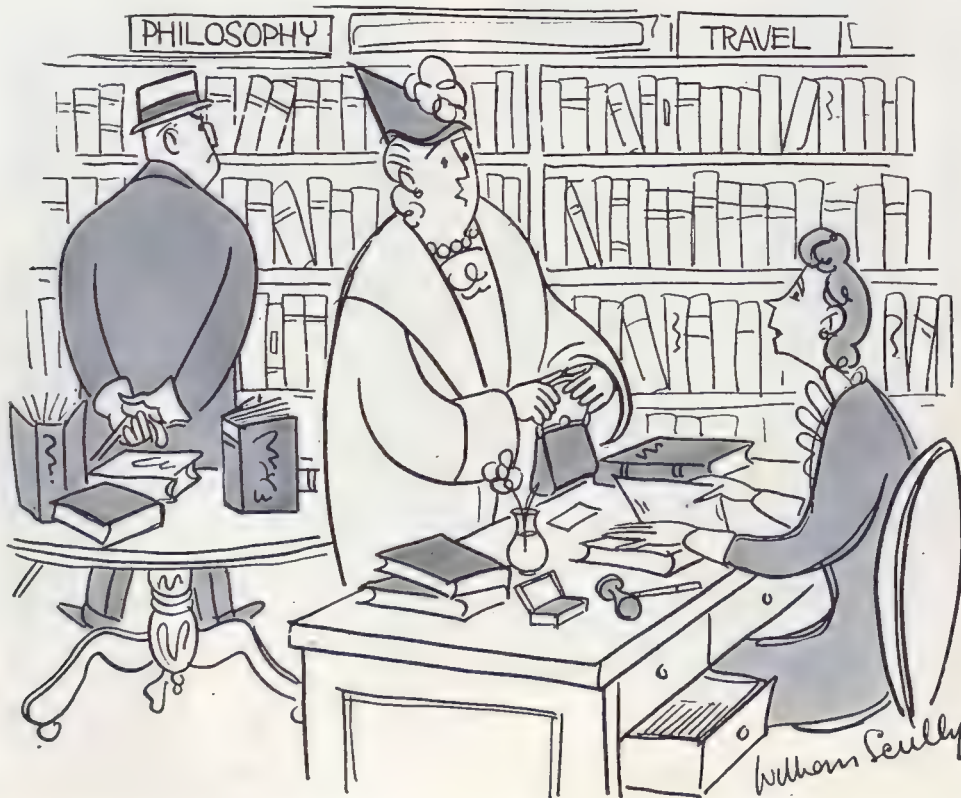
Long since healed of the Great Arcadian Illusion, we don't mind admitting nevertheless that to find the West Country rustic in the racket also is disconcerting. This just shows what tenors can do, and dear Heaven (we now keep thinking), what about Glorious Devon?

Purge

HAVING expelled a chess champion and a journalist from Marseilles, the Vichy Government have evidently taken steps at last in the campaign, of which we were hearing some time ago, to clean up that raffish and incredibly ancient city.

Some of those twisty, sinister streets round the Old Port are probably full in normal times of chess champions and journalists leering at the passer-by through half-closed eyes. Journalists are, perhaps, the more obvious menace, which is why in London they are kept to one quarter of Suburra. Powerful Vested Interests, as is well known, prevent Fleet Street from ever being raided and cleaned up, which is why we journalist boys go about with such insolent abandon, winking at the police and daring them, bat on one side. Buenos Aires is Letchworth Garden City in comparison and they dare not deport us.

Chess champions in this country also seem significantly immune from arrest, and our feeling is that, in the old Fleet Street phrase used of those of our craft who rise suddenly and inexplicably to fame and fortune, they Must Know Where The Body Is. Maybe if you hung round Scotland Yard at night you'd see a chess champion or two slinking in and out, sombreroed and



"Could you suggest a book for a gentleman who isn't interested in anything?"

muffled to the eyes. Pogson, Kr8 has been in again. Yes; about G4. Nasty business, Pogson. Yes, indeed, sir. If I was a Cabinet Minister or a City gent I shouldn't care to get the wrong side of one of them chess thugs: 'Coo! All right, Pogson, file this in triplicate and pipe down.

Strangers in Marseilles (Marsilho to the Provençaux, a delightful race) can now walk down the other day brought back those inevitable memories of long-vanished blue skies and endless golden afternoons and early loves with which this fruit in its cheaper aspects is indissolubly linked; not to speak of a faint memory of a gigantic Russian Grand Duke whose favourite after-dinner game, they said, was to pelt furious little ladies with hothouse strawberries at five francs a crack, wearing an ice-bucket on his head and laughing uproariously at the innocent sport (Commissars doubtless do the same to-day).

Berry

STRAWBERRIES at two guineas a box, or 1s. 6d. each, on sale in the West End the other day brought back those inevitable memories of long-vanished blue skies and endless golden afternoons and early loves with which this fruit in its cheaper aspects is indissolubly linked; not to speak of a faint memory of a gigantic Russian Grand Duke whose favourite after-dinner game, they said, was to pelt furious little ladies with hothouse strawberries at five francs a crack, wearing an ice-bucket on his head and laughing uproariously at the innocent sport (Commissars doubtless do the same to-day).

Strawberries and cream on the Terrace of the House of Commons in the heyday of King Edward's reign were a different kind of orgy, and few gay dogs, so far as we can discover, ever enhanced the sedate jollity of the proceedings by throwing a plateful at some august adjacent topper—Lord Curzon's, say. Out-of-season peaches, however, were often thrown at Guardees down at Maidenhead by ladies of the Ballet, old boulevardiers assure us. The urge to throw fruit belongs to a more opulent day and was even then a token of foreign or gipsy blood. You never saw an Edwardian grande dame, for example, seize a pineapple and chuck it laughingly at an important guest; or so they tell us.

Tip

IF strawberries ever come back into your life do not forget, incidentally, that special snobbery connected with them which never fails to humiliate the adversary—namely, the rejecting of cream and sugar with cries of epicurean distress and the dipping of them fussily into a glass of claret. Some chaps would score socially over eating their grandmothers, we do believe.

Revolt

AT such a period of conflicts, challenges, dooms, terrors, upheavals, and veilings of the gods it was not surprising that the Manx Government should rebel against British Extra Summer Time recently, making it necessary for the Legislature to bring it to heel. The fiery old Celtic blood will not be gainsaid.

On the whole, seeing that island life tends to make chaps fierce and exclusive, there is less turbulence in the islands round these shores than you'd expect. Even Cowes Week has never stirred the Isle of Wight populace to revolt, repulsive as many yachtsmen are. The Islanders

were given a clear lead one morning a few years ago when a glossy hotel refused during Cowes Week to serve a party of mariners with breakfast because despite their gentlemanly bearing they were fresh off the sea, dirty, tired, unshaven, and not wearing immaculate flannels and posh caps. One of them turned out to be an M.P., however, and after a very few brisk words breakfast was speedily served, and with ignoble bows, scrapings and trucklings. Had the Islanders (poor poops) had a spark of spirit we should to-day be seeing intensely rich and overbearing yachtsmen in dirty flannels chained to the oars of the Island fishing-boats, ducking under the lash and looking like hell.

Anglesey is another spiritless island, no doubt owing to the tyranny of the local Druids. The Hebrides still manage to hold out against the invader, and there are at least two islands further South protected by art-magic against all evil; one being the bird-haunted isle of Skomer in the Bristol Channel and the other an island in the Severn Sea which has been holy and enchanted ground for over fifteen centuries, and whose name we have promised the fairies never to reveal.

Check

TRYING hard to believe, ever since one of the gossip-boys asserted it on Shakespeare's birthday, that the Forces are fighting the booksellers for copies of the Plays ("there is no author our fighting men read more eagerly"), we regretfully gulp and swallow at his statement further that the troops are going especially crazy over the Sonnets.

There is a considerable mass of sober maritime evidence, as perhaps you know,

for the sea-serpent. There is likewise sober evidence in varying degree for a great many other marvels up and down the world which Science cannot explain away, such as the Liquefaction at Naples and the fact that some professional politicians die poor. But the Sonnets are a notable enigma and maze (to which only Lord Alfred Douglas to our knowledge has supplied a satisfactory key), and no mass of poetry has, up to the time of writing, been more shunned by the Island Race except that small but fine corpus of English mystical verse, which likewise demands concentrated mental effort. It may be that the soldiery, like a lot of Hollywood stars, have suddenly gone all out to shame us and everybody by curling up en masse with the subtler classics, but what sort of a trick is that? Moreover, we ex-soldiers heard the same thing about ourselves in the last war, and so apparently did Slogger Kipling, who fell for the idea and wrote that story about a heavy battery which raved over the works of Jane Austen; a very false gallop of verses indeed, we thought.

There is also evidence for the Loch Ness monster.

Posy

A GOSSIP-BOY's eager announcement that the Codex Sinaiticus, bought by the nation some time ago for an enormous sum and attracting passionate interest ever since, is now in safe custody underground reminded us of an austere little academic nature-poem which you may not have heard:

Female dons often keep codices
In their bodices;
One codex
Per bodex.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Emily was positive she recognised the little waiter who served us at San Remo"

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



“What am I doin’? I’m the h’extreme front left’and corner
h’of a pincers movement, h’if yer wants to know”

With Silent Friends

By Richard King

My Wartime Choice

Lots of people stop me to ask me what to read in wartime. It is a difficult question and really rather a silly one. I don't quite see why you should not read in wartime what you used to read in the uneasy times of peace. Follow your taste and, briefly, let altered circumstances be damned. All the same I know what they mean. Most of us find any reading in wartime rather an effort. The mind is too full of other and more urgent affairs. Like being unhappily in love, when the old spiritual and mental comforts cease to apply. One is nervously restless, seeking only forgetfulness, and forgetfulness will not come except of its own accord.

More than any other period, perhaps, one must wait upon the mood. A year ago, for instance, people read war-books. The war, without being a novelty, had not become a boring menace then; the mind and spirit were not wearied by the strain of looking back with heart-break and not daring to look ahead. But war-books inevitably deal with an episode of the war. By the time they are read, that episode has been supplanted by other episodes more recent, and often more violent. Nor does one find today much urge to read of the reasons why war came, of the tragic preliminaries which led up to the conflict, of the vanity of Hitler and his gang, of the cause which led France to crumple up like tissue-paper, nor of Holland and Belgium's direful procrastination in the face of facts as obvious

as a tropical thunder-storm. The inner-history behind all these tragedies can come later when the full story can be told. It is now too late for regrets, or tardy wisdom, or lingering critically over those "ifs" which stand inevitably in life's pathway and make it for so many of us a road to Calvary. The war is too deeply "on" for any useful consideration of "ifs." Each day has perforce to be lived and filled in to good purpose; since tonight "yet another raid over England" may blow up you and your more intimate world sky-high.

So, speaking personally, I find reading of any kind, except the newspaper, rather difficult. Fiction seems more unreal than it usually is and military history doesn't seem to apply, at least, its military lessons do not: machines versus man has changed all that. Which seems to make reading rather difficult, since mental concentration lies elsewhere. On the whole, I think I have really enjoyed lately the kind of books which you can pick up and lay down easily without losing their "threads," books which interest and charm without necessarily taking you completely out of the events which lie uppermost in the mind. And among these books I welcome enthusiastically Lord Elton's *Notebook in Wartime* (Collins, 7s. 6d.).

Thoughts, Profound and Casual

THIS undoubtedly is a book which can be picked up at any time and laid down within ten minutes if necessary. The "Notes" are

never very long and some of them are very brief indeed. Yet each one has something to say, and the style in which they are written is both intimate and charming. There isn't a dull page. The war is there, of course, but it does not protrude all over the place. Most of the thoughts have it merely as a background; which is topical, indeed, since all of us think nowadays with war running as barbed wire through the undergrowth.

It is a very friendly book. And because of that you will either like it very much or it will annoy you. Because in friendship people must agree either on a feeling for beauty or concerning the commonplace profundities of existence. The rest can take care of itself, but in the quieter, more intimate hours there must be understanding, with or without words to express it. Even a shared dislike can provide friendly links. Communal prejudices are often more binding than communal ideals.

I share some of Lord Elton's dislikes and his prejudices. Especially against those intellectuals who in the common rut of living are so rarely intelligent. Men and women who put theories before experience and believe they have discovered the secret of righteous living when their own lives are mere examples of domestic chaos. People who know they know how to run the lives of the "common" people without having lived "common" lives, nor found, from experience, the vital secret of common sense which is often the divine philosophy of those whose existence looks banal and unexciting. So tragically commonplace according to the "intellectuals." Happily for the world this species has been overwhelmed by the present war, though, more than any other influence, they helped to bring it about. For life, the greatest charm it possesses lies in value of little things. Idealists and especially ideologists almost



Family Group in Berkshire

The Very Rev. Dr. and Mrs. W. R. Inge were photographed at their home, Brightwell Manor, Wallingford, Berks., with their son and their son's fiancée. Second-Lieutenant Edward R. C. Inge is Dean Inge's second son and is in the Somerset Light Infantry. He announced his engagement a month ago to Miss Diana Mary Paine, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. Paine of Green Ways, South Croydon, Surrey. Dean Inge's last book "The Fall of the Idols," was published in the autumn. He was Dean of St. Paul's from 1911 to 1934. Mrs. Inge's father was the late Ven. H. M. Spooner



Family Group in South Africa

Lady Hathorn Hall, her two daughters, Susan and Felicity, and her niece, Rosemary Trefry, were photographed in Durban, after their return from Cathedral Peak in the Drakensberg, where they had been on holiday. Lady Hathorn Hall is the wife of Sir John Hathorn Hall who became Governor and C.-in-C. of Aden last October, and was awarded the K.C.M.G. in the New Year's Honours. He was formerly British Resident for the Zanzibar Protectorate

With Silent Friends

(Continued from page 203)

invariably forget this simple, everyday loveliness. It is to the little things of life to which we return in the midst of the battle and when the war is over. They are, so to speak, the foundations upon which we build; for without their sustenance, we fit into life's landscape about as suitably as a barrage balloon. For the worst of moral or political theories is that those who practise them appear to fail, though their wordy eloquence never ceases. Lord Elton gives us some profound criticism of the people who, in peace time, rush about shouting at the top of their voices, pulling down old idols without having the least understanding of why they were idols in the first place, nor realising that the mass of men and women will never worship an empty pedestal with just a book, or even a whole library of books, placed upon it in neat rows. The old idols are still idols because they represent something profound in human nature, some need which only the quieter, more decent, more lovable things can supply.

In between the little essays which have for their subject the pricking of the bubble within which ideologists and many idealists live, imagining they have created a whole hemisphere, he tells us of some of the odd incidents which have happened in his own life. Incidents which though odd, yet possessed something illuminating. In many respects the book is a kind of diary. A diary in which the "notes below" lend the recorded event importance. Now I have always had a liking for diaries which jumped off, so to speak, from the incident recorded to the thoughts which sprang to mind from that event. And this is precisely the style of *Notes in Wartime*. That

is why it is so delightfully readable. It is at once topical and at the same time permanent. The topical themes attract your attention; the permanent parts are as a challenge to your own ideas. A kind of double entertainment. Interesting, mentally stimulating and as charming as a long talk concerning this and that with a friend.

Thoughts from "Notebook in Wartime"

"THE man of words and ideas, who is a man of words and ideas only, is but half a man, and not the best part either. When such a half-man explains to you how to plan industry or reform Europe, the fitting comment is a burst of mirthless laughter."

"An intellectual is a man whose character has not developed in proportion to his intellect."

"One of the oddest features, indeed, of the confused modern cult of progress has been that it is never agreed upon anything."

"Christianity and democracy are intertwined. Together they are the heart of the civilisation of the West. Whether we like it or not we are fighting for both of them."

Story of a Mixed Marriage

ALTHOUGH Betty Miller's touching story, *Farewell Leicester Square* (Robert Hale, 8s.), makes contact, so to speak, with the film world, it is essentially a domestic story—the story of a mixed marriage between a Brighton-born Jew and a girl who comes of a cultured, mentally tolerant English family.

Alec's parents were strict Jews; so much so, and so narrow in their worldly outlook, that when their son announces his intention of making a career on the films, his father turns him out of the house. Alec has an up-hill struggle before eventually he becomes a famous producer. Which, perhaps, was rather strange, because all through his life he is the victim

of an inferiority complex, and these people often get nowhere. He is a Jew and he realises it all the time; resentfully, yet at the same instant proud of his nationality; always suspecting patronage, always on his guard, always ready to crush an affront. Nevertheless, he also resents Catherine's liking for Jews. A strange contradiction, but easy to understand if you once accept the torture of Alec's inferiority complex.

In the beginning his marriage is a great success. Both are passionately in love. Yet, it is Alec, who can never for one moment forget that he is a Jew, who wrecks this happiness eventually. For Catherine his nationality means absolutely nothing at all. She loves her husband; she likes Jews. Only Alec persists in remembering it, until at last his wife becomes utterly bored. The final crash comes when a child is born. Shall he be brought up as a Jew by his father, or shall his mother bring him up as if he were not a Jew at all, but just an ordinary British subject. Poor Catherine has had more than enough of the whole problem. She wants to forget it, not repeat it over again in her son. The culminating scene is extremely touching. The call of his race comes once again to Alec. He returns once more to sit by the family Sabbath table. At last he is calm within himself. There is no longer a problem. He is where he belongs. Only his domestic happiness lies almost in ruins.

This is an unusually good novel, because it shows simply and movingly two human beings caught in the meshes of a tragedy from which neither can escape. Moreover, it is very well told.

Wartime Background

WITH what an expert hand Sir Philip Gibbs always manages to mix a moving, human story with events so topical that they are almost historical romances. His new novel, *The Amazing Summer* (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.), is another example and one among his very best. Guy Moreton, a young airman, crashes in France and receives great kindness from a French officer, who in peace time was an artist. Then came the sudden capitulation of that country and his friend seeks refuge in England where Guy can repay so much of his hospitality. He offers him a home and soon afterwards other French soldiers, many of them de Gaulle's men, gather round. They talk of recent events and the influences which led up to them and made them possible. So we get many and very interesting discussions concerning that tragedy which, even now, few English people really understand.

Yet these discussions are weaved into a plot which is often as exciting as a book of adventure. Indeed, it is problematical if the conventional stories of adventure will survive this war. Reality is proving itself infinitely more sensational, and all of us are in it, so to speak. It is no longer a question of the navy and army and the air force having thrilling tales to relate. We are all in the front line either in the home, or in the office, or anywhere else.

A love of his country, a deep admiration for his countrymen and women, who every day attain heights of courage and endurance unsurpassed in human history, permeates this book. Yet, never at the expense of our foes. While, through it all shines Sir Philip's firm belief in the ultimate human good which will eventually come out of the present agony: a regenerated Europe. So this, it seems to me, is the ideal novel to read nowadays. There is so much beside the story itself to stimulate the mind. Especially our faith, not only in mankind, but in that slow story of human progress without which the present tragedy would become even more spiritually revolting than it is.



Bertram Park

Mrs. Herbert Geddes

Mrs. Geddes is one of the many soldiers' wives who wear the Mechanised Transport Corps uniform; she drives for the American Embassy. Her husband, Lt.-Col. Hubert Geddes, is with his regiment in the Middle East. Mrs. Geddes was well known before the war as a point-to-point rider, and also as a breeder, exhibitor and judge of Shetland sheep dogs. She was Constance Barker, and is a niece of Sir Herbert Barker



Lennox

Mrs. Thorburn Muirhead

Also in uniform is Mrs. Muirhead, a lieutenant in the M.T.C., the Corps' petroleum officer and member of the London headquarters staff. She is the wife of a business man and writer on world affairs; he has a new book on the political and economic shape of post-war Europe coming out shortly. Mrs. Muirhead is Australian, was Cecilia Brennan of Perth, Western Australia

The Home Front

At the Royal Academy, 1941

(More pictures on next three pages)



Home Guard, by W. O. Hutchison



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Children from the Town, by B. Fleetwood-Walker



Dig for Victory, by Charles Spencelayh



Mrs. Smy of England, by T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A.



*H.M. The Queen,
by Gerald F. Kelly, R.A.*



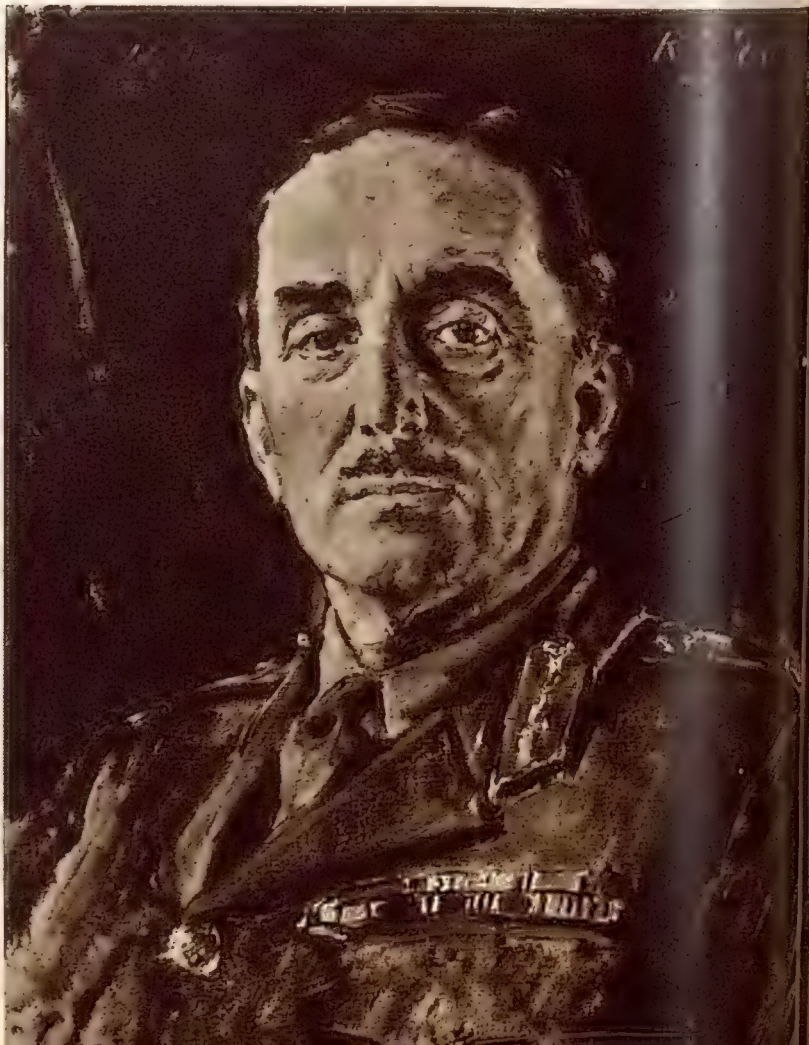
*Air Commandant J. Trefusis Forbes, C.B.E., W.A.A.F.,
by T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A.*

Portraits at Burlington House

*Air Marshal Sir A. S. Barratt, K.C.B., C.M.G., M.C.,
by T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A.*



*General Sir A. F. Brooke, K.C.B., D.S.O.,
by Reginald Eves, R.A.*





*General J. C. Smuts, P.C., M.P.,
by Captain Neville Lewis, South African War Artist*



*Major-General Manie Botha, C.M.G.,
by Neville Lewis*

The One Hundred and Seventy-Third Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts was Opened to the Public on Monday

*Captain Geoffrey de Havilland, C.B.E.,
by Oswald Birley*

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*At Printing House Square,
by Oswald Birley*



By Other Artists

Four More Pictures from Burlington House

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The late James Pryde, by James Gunn



Asleep, by Dame Laura Knight, D.B.E., R.A.



A Young Hop Picker, by Dame Laura Knight, D.B.E., R.A.



A Young French Airman, by Henry Lamb, A.R.A.



In Light Brown Suede strapped with Green Calf. Crepe rubber sole and heel.



In Blue Suede piped with Red Calf. Crepe Rubber sole and heel. Also in Petunia, piped with yellow.



Fawn Karung Snake Skin with green piping, elastic side gusset. Also in other materials and combinations.



Sand Suede with wedge heel and piping in blue kid.



In Wine Suede with perforations on vamp. Also in Black or Blue Suede.



Brown Java Lizard Skin with green piping. Crepe rubber sole and heel. Also in other materials and combinations.

THESE BRIGHTER SHOE-FASHIONS are representative of the styles and colours now appearing in the Manfield displays all over the Country.

The prices are attractive too. Manfield's only regret is that present conditions do not make it possible to promise that every shoe illustrated will be in stock at any time or place.

But the selection shows the kind of shoes you can get and the fashions that are current.

You are invited to visit the nearest Manfield branch, in London or any town in the British Isles where they are situate.

MANFIELD

With the Fleet Air Arm—No. 31



"Music While You Work": by Wing Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

The results of the Forces Programme feature, "Music While You Work," issuing from the portable wireless set on board an aircraft carrier, are shown in this picture. There seems to be a good deal more music than work going on. A vice-admiral greeted by the officer of the watch, comes up the starboard gangway, and is scandalised to find such unaccustomed levity on the quarter-deck. Two of the men, one doing the sword-dance with broom and mop, the other a wardroom servant carrying bottle and glasses well aloft, are both "leatherpecks," the nickname given to marines. Many are dancing, some swing a baton while the gulls and the ubiquitous ship's cat join cheerfully in the chorus

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Lords of a Feather

THE old Parliamentary crack about the Lord Privy Seal being given that title because he is neither a lord nor a privy nor a seal, sums up and typifies Parliamentary procedure. It is a complex of traditional claptrap and quaint contradiction. The jargon of both your Houses is a plague for the precisions.

Into this atmosphere of entangled history there has come recently a new note. Lord Beaverbrook has been called on more than once in the House of Lords to report on aircraft production progress, and to give details of the work of the Ministry of Aircraft Production, which was created by him a little less than a year ago.

Now Lord Beaverbrook, unlike the Lord Privy Seal, is called the Minister for Aircraft Production because he ministers to the production of aircraft. And there can be no doubt about it—he has proved an outstanding success. His direct attack on his subject, his short, explosive sentences, his abrupt admissions, his energetic answers, are all a bit new for the pale and partly palsied House of Lords. But they are tremendously effective.

Facts and Figures

WEDNESDAY, April 23rd, was an example. That was the Beaver at his best. Lord Sempill had the Notice on the Paper which led to Lord Beaverbrook's statement. Lord Sempill is a man with vast aeronautical experience as technician, pilot and organiser, both in and out of the Service. He raised many interesting and important points, one of them in particular seeming to me to be of considerable weight—that in which he pointed out that, without adequate training, we cannot hope to get the best out of the new tricycle under-carriage machines the United States are sending us.

I was very glad also to see that Lord Sempill endorsed in his speech the public welcome to Mr. Harriman, the chief expeditor of all supplies from the United States, and to Professor Warner. Edward Warner is well known to everybody in aviation in this country, and his vast knowledge and experience are universally admired.

Then came Lord Beaverbrook in reply. He revealed the extent of the development of the transatlantic ferry service, and mentioned that one American machine had made the journey from coast to coast in seven and a half hours. He frankly admitted losses of aircraft which were being brought over by ships, but said that in the future more and more would come by air, including fighters—these latter by a special route.

Performance

WHEN he came to the performance of our new aircraft, Lord Beaverbrook had a little quiet fun at the expense of the newspapers. He quoted figures, and then said: "Where do I get my information? Out of the American newspapers." Those who knew of the immense amount of discussion aroused by the reports in the American newspapers got the point.

Anyhow, Lord Beaverbrook by this means guarded himself against having to give official figures, and he was able to be far freer with information. He mentioned the Stirling four-engined heavy bomber; the Manchester twin-engined heavy bomber; the Halifax heavy bomber; and the Beaufighter, Fulmar, Whirlwind and Tornado fighters.

It was not until the Sunday following Lord Beaverbrook's statement in the House of Lords, however, that the most important piece of information was released. This concerned the Hawker Typhoon.

This is the fighter which we believe is going to hound the Hun out of the sky. It is, in my own opinion, the most advanced fighter, both as to its airframe and as to its engine, that British designers have yet produced. It will be our fastest fighter, with a top speed of well over 400 miles an hour. It will be our most heavily-armed and armoured fighter.

The Sabre

WHEREAS the Tornado has the Rolls-Royce Vulture engine, the Typhoon

has the Napier Sabre. The Sabre was designed by Major Halford for the Napier Company, and is a really marvellous piece of work. The power of the Sabre for take-off approaches 2400 h.p.

It is worth recalling that Lord Beaverbrook was the man who decided to take the plunge with the Sabre. It is a revolutionary design, and it took great courage to seize on it and put it into production, for revolutionary designs do not often turn out well when they come into service. In this instance, however, the decision has proved right, with the result that we shall be far ahead of the Germans in engine design from now on.

Frankness

I RETURN now to one other point about Lord Beaverbrook's speech; its frankness. He admitted losses of aircraft when our ships were sunk in the Atlantic; he admitted that the dispersal of our factories made necessary to counter the effects of bombing does do damage to production; he admitted that equipment, including guns, radio, apparatus and so on, had been a trouble; he admitted that, however great the American contribution, our own production is, and must be, of first importance.

Yet the queer thing is that those admissions, made frankly and without the smallest effort to minimise or gloss over their seriousness, strengthened rather than weakened his case. The Prime Minister's strength is that he tells us the worst, and makes no attempt to gloss it over. Lord Beaverbrook's strength emerges in part from a similar frankness. I do wish that our official propagandists would understand that as well as these two.

Altogether, then, the Minister for Aircraft Production has been doing a good job and doing it well. He has gained and held the confidence of the people, and now he has also the confidence of his fellow-members of the House of Lords.



"Royal Academy Illustrated"

Two R.A.F. Portraits in the Academy, by T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A.

Flight-Officer F. Hanbury, O.B.E., W.A.A.F., is one of the many personalities in Air Force blue whose portraits, painted by T. C. Dugdale as a war artist, are in the Academy. She is Public Relations Officer to the W.A.A.F., and the widow of a Pilot Officer

Group-Captain C. A. Bouchier, C.B.E., D.F.C., is another of T. C. Dugdale's sitters whose portrait is now on view at Burlington House. A third Air Force portrait by Dugdale reproduced in this issue is that of Air Marshal Sir A. S. Barratt (page 206)

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Then and Now

SOMEONE in England who lives in Somershire, and has not been in London for years, writes me this interesting and most sympathetic letter:

"What a battering poor old London has had again—who would have thought such things possible in the 'eighties or 'nineties? It is strange to talk to people no longer exactly young, who never saw the Old Brigade ride in the Park on a proper Park hack, topper, striped overalls and all, and how the bowler-hat crowd used to clear off when the first properly-dressed horseman appeared, generally about 10 a.m., I think. I wonder if you ever in your career rode a properly-broke Kentucky saddle-horse? [Never! But for a lark I once rode a *haute école* circus horse.—"S."] I can't say I ever did, but a man who had, said that out there they didn't consider a horse properly broke unless he had at least six paces—can't remember even their names now: single-foot was one; and pace and rack, and I don't know what.

"By the way, a long time ago you were trying to think of an Australian saddler's name. I think you must have meant Alex. Morrison, of Bourke Street, Melbourne. I have owned several of his saddles, and very good they were, though a bit narrow in the twist by our standards. I never rode in a proper buck-jumping saddle—why do they call them 'Poleys' down under, though?—and I always felt a longing to."

Purely for information, I would like to say that, so long as you *could* keep your knees below the "ram's-horns" of the buck-jumping saddle, all was well; but once shifted, you were lost! There was no chance of getting back. And when you had picked yourself up, they said: "Wait till you ride one that can *really* buck!"

The average Australian, after seeing the adventurous "Pommy" properly grassed, said: "Yes, he is always apt to root a bit!"

The "Glorious" Uncertainty

MOST people who go, and have gone, racing through the ages have always thought the epithet inapt. Anyone who has been recently betting on this year's three-year-olds, I am sure, thinks so. And yet, of course, we ought not to blame anyone but ourselves for having dropped our money, for last year's two-year-old form was surely a very unstable foundation. Of the 68 in the New Derby, 16 never ran at all, 11 only once, and 16 twice. The champion colt, Poise, being a gelding, was not eligible for any classic engagement, but because he carried his bat last season, many people thought he must be a good bet at 6-to-5 on for the Craven. He was not in the first twelve, and even allowing that he had a bad passage, this is a suggestion that we have no right to think the 1940 two-year-old form any kind of a guide. Similarly, the best-performed filly of last season, Keystone, cheerfully backed at 9-to-4 on for the Southern Plate, was laid out by Selim Hassan, who ran only once last season (third in the New Middle Park Stakes, dead-heating with Starwort), behind Hyacinthus, owned by Mr. A. F. Bassett, and Morogoro, who has now won the New Craven.

Curiouser and Curiouser

AND now they say Morogoro is a hot favourite for the Two Thousand. I wonder whether it is as safe a bet as all that! Hyacinthus, who beat Morogoro a neck in the Middle Park, is in the same ownership as Mr. Sawyer, who was very decisively beaten by Selim Hassan in the Southern Plate the other day. On top of all this we have got the further confusing fact that Starwort (who was the same colt as Selim Hassan in the Middle Park last back-end), giving 5 lb., soundly beat Hyacinthus in the Criterion Stakes (Newmarket, last October). Supposing Selim Hassan has won the Two Thousand by the time these notes see daylight, which he is quite likely

to have done, are we going to see him made a raging hot favourite for the Derby, or are we going to back that other nice colt by Hyperion, the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan's Owen Tudor, who won the Column Produce Stakes just recently, absolutely as he liked, and was probably as well-performed a two-year-old as any of them, Poise included? He was out three times, won once, once was second, beaten a head, and the other time fifth in the Criterion Stakes, about which we have just been talking. I should hate to put anyone wrong, but I think, if we go on racing, I should like to have



Tennis Player's Wartime Hobby

Mr. O. G. N. Turnbull, a former Davis Cup player, has become a pedigree pig-breeder at his home near Maidenhead. Mrs. Turnbull and her husband each hold a four-weeks-old pig. Fattening pigs is difficult in wartime, but these youngsters are given a good start on cod-liver oil

both Owen Tudor and Selim Hassan on my side in the Derby; but it is all very confusing, this two-year- and early three-year-old form!

One of the pundits tells us we should back Lord Portal's Sun Castle, only beaten a neck in the Craven. The weights were: Morogoro, 9-4 (winner); Sun Castle, 8-5. You allow 1 lb. for a neck, so does this appeal?

However, we have now got to wait till the middle of June before we can get a definite answer, that being the new date of the Derby.

"Old Rowley's" Mile

IT may not be a matter of general knowledge that the historic mile, over which the Two Thousand was *not* run this year, has changed its distance more often than any other course in the world. I speak subject to correction, but I am almost certain that this is so, and anyway a passing glance of its history may be a welcome "escape" for some people at such a moment as this, when there are so many less pleasant things to contemplate.

One mile and one yard, 1822-1843, and ten years after, 1 mile and 17 yards on the 1853 measurement; and in 1888, 1 mile 11 yards, till 1902, when it became 1 mile "dead." And yet never a "dead" mile! Stand with your back to the pull-up and look down the Straight. The Rowley's "liveliness" will disclose itself quite plainly! Walk it and you may never notice The Dip at all, unless someone has told you about it beforehand!

And what of Old Rowley, who paced this classic turf under the only King in history who has ever ridden a winner at Newmarket? Old Rowley never won a race, for a very good reason. It was not his business so to do, but he was the best ride that a very accomplished horseman ever had, and his name and fame were so much in evidence in those gay and roystering times of the Restoration when the King came back to his own again, that it has lived long after



Racing in India

Mr. E. P. Moon won the Lightweight Stakes by a length, at the recent Lahore Hunt Races, with his horse Vox Lilac, which he rode himself. He is the Secretary to the Governor of the Punjab, Sir Bertrand Glancy, who succeeded Sir Henry Craik last month



Veteran Cricketer Coaches the Young Entry

Cricketers of the future are seen with their coach, George Hirst, before their first practice match at Bradford Park Avenue. George Hirst is the veteran Yorkshire and All-England cricketer and will be seventy next birthday. He played in four Test Matches against Australia, the first in 1899, and against South Africa in 1907.



At the New Forest Pony Show

Sir Berkeley Piggott, Bt., of Brook Farm, Shobley, Ringwood, Hon. Secretary of the New Forest Pony Breeding and Cattle Society, was snapped with Mrs. Compton, wife of the President of the Society, at the Annual Stallion Show. It was held at Cuffnell's Park, Lyndhurst.



With the East Coast (Yorks) Home Guard

Col. W. T. Wilkinson, D.S.O., a member of the General's Staff, Col. Kitching, O.C. the East Coast (Yorks) Home Guard, Major-Gen. P. J. Shears, who came to inspect the Field Day, and Major Smith watched a most realistic bayonet charge. They also saw a bomb-throwing course (Mills bombs), successfully carried out by this keen body of well-trained men.

the memory of thousands more distinguished have melted away in the maze of the centuries. What Old Rowley was like exactly, there do not seem to be any absolutely reliable records; but it may be that we can conjure up some fairly accurate picture of the type he was from the character of his royal master.

Of Charles II., William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, who taught him to ride, tells us that, even at the age of ten, "His Majesty's capacity was such that he would ride leaping horses, and such as would overthrow others, and manage them with the greatest skill and dexterity to the admiration of all who beheld him."

A King's Winners

OF King Charles II.'s records, there is no doubt. They are quite definite! His Majesty rode his horse Woodcock, on October 12th, 1671, in a match against Mr. Elliott, a Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, on Flatfoot, and was beaten, but on the 14th the King won The Plate, the Duke of Monmouth, Mr. Elliott, Mr. Thomas Thin (an ancestor of the Marquess of Bath) being amongst the other "jockeys" who were riding; and in 1674 his Majesty won the same race again. Sir Robert Carr made a note of it at the time, and wrote: "Yesterday his Majesty rode himself three heates and a course and won The Plate—all fower were hard and ne'er ridden, and I doe assure you the King wonn by good horsemanship." And there are many other instances, most of which have been collected by that talented compiler of *Ye Olde New Markitt Calendar*, Mr. J. B.

Muir. So we may take it that a man who was fond of riding race-horses, and also so fond of the real home of the horse and of hunting, would not have tolerated Old Rowley as a hack unless he had been something a bit "super."

A Hunting Note from the West

A n old and valued fox-hunting comrade living in the Avon Vale country, for so long associated with that famous M.F.H., Lord Knutsford, sends me the following note, which I feel will interest all who have ever been in those parts:

"Hunting has pretty well finished round here. The Avon Vale ended their quiet season some days ago. I am not certain if the Duke has yet done the same, but it can't be far off. He has been badly interfered

with by our old enemy foot-and-mouth. I asked a friend who saw the last meet of the Avon Vale who was out. He told me a few farmers on rough horses and the usual batch of girls who always turn up. It looks as if these would be the mainstay of hunting in the future. After all, hunting began in a small way in the distant past, and if it has to go back to it for a time, so long as it can survive, it will come again, perhaps all the better for a bit of a purge. More land still going under the plough round here. It's a pity to see our nice grass disappearing, but I suppose it has to be. Weather keeps misty, wet and very cold, with quite heavy frosts still. Better, I suppose, early than late, when things have got nicely forward, only to be cut down."



Well-Known Golfers' Daughter

Rosemary is the six-months-old baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Burn Andreae. Her father, who is now a Gunner, has a handicap of 3; her mother has played in the Girls' and Women's Championships, and also for Middlesex; has a handicap of 4.



Famous Cricketer's Daughter Married

The wedding of Sec.-Lieut. Maurice Rootes and Miss Betty Kathleen Tate took place on Primrose Day at St. John's, Burgess Hill. The bride, one of nineteen-year-old twins, is the daughter of Sec.-Lieut. Maurice Tate, the famous Sussex and England cricketer, who gave her away.

“Back Street”

A Picture of Pathos and Romance
at the Odeon Theatre



A Ride in a Motor-car

Ray Smith (Margaret Sullivan) rides triumphantly through the crowded streets in the first motor-car, or “horseless carriage,” built in Cincinnati, with Curt Stanton (Richard Carlson), who is in love with her. This scene is from the new Universal film “Back Street,” based on the novel by Fannie Hurst and directed by Robert Stevenson, which opened at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on May 5th



Marriage Refused Again

Curt Stanton (Richard Carlson), after another refusal of his offer of marriage, tells Ray Smith (Margaret Sullivan), now a successful dress designer, that next time he will propose to her by letter. Throughout the story he remains faithful to her, and nearly succeeds in marrying her, but her love for Walter Saxel (Charles Boyer), the banker, is paramount



First Fatal Meeting

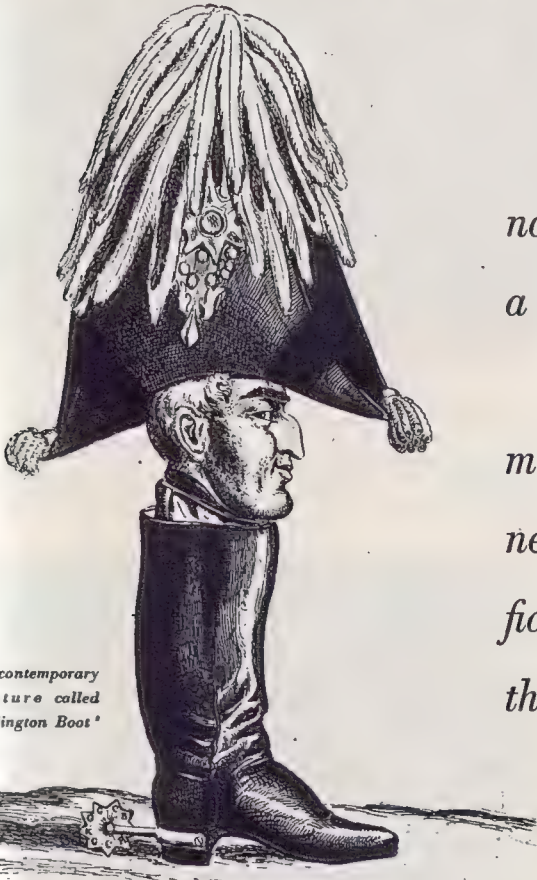
Walter Saxel (Charles Boyer) meets Ray Smith (Margaret Sullivan) at a station, seeing off some friend. They are immediately attracted and fall in love. Walter confesses he is on his way to marry his fiancée. Five years later, a married man, he returns to find Ray still unmarried, and soon installs her in a flat, where they live as Mr. and Mrs. Smith. His charm and fascination ensnare her over and over again, and throughout her life she sacrifices herself to his happiness



Middle-aged, and Still in Love

Walter Saxel (Charles Boyer) now has an apartment in Paris for Ray (Margaret Sullivan), which he hopes is unknown to his family. His son finds out, and denounces Ray. She tells Walter their love has cost him the love of his son

Guinness at Waterloo



From a contemporary
caricature called
'A Wellington Boot'

"When I was sufficiently recovered to take some nourishment, I felt the most extraordinary desire for a glass of Guinness."

"Upon expressing my wish to the doctor, he told me I might take a small glass . . . I thought I had never tasted anything so delightful . . . I am confident that it contributed more than anything else to the renewal of my strength."

From the diary of one of Wellington's Officers, after he had been severely wounded at the Battle of Waterloo, June, 1815. Quoted in "Long Forgotten Days," by Ethel M. Richardson.

—and Guinness today



In times of difficulty and suffering, men and women have ever turned to Guinness as a natural source of strength and comfort.

For Guinness is more than a very good drink. It is a tonic for both body and mind, and in the words of a doctor, "a balm to tired and worn-out nerves."

If you are tired, Guinness refreshes you. If your nerves are on edge, Guinness helps you to see things calmly and cheerfully. If you have lost your enjoyment of meals, Guinness restores it.

Truly, there's nothing like a Guinness. Have one with your lunch or dinner today.

The extract quoted above from a doctor's letter is published by special permission.

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



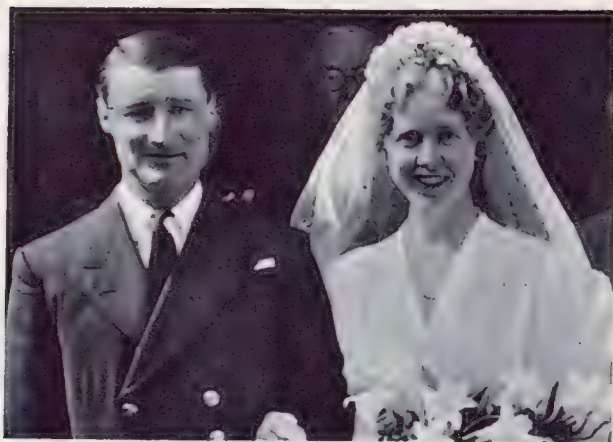
Madden—de Kantzow

Sec.-Lieut. Dennis Gerald Madden, Irish Guards, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel G. H. C. Madden, and Mrs. Gerald Madden, of 17, Draycott Place, S.W.3, and Rosalind de Kantzow, second daughter of the late Com. A. H. de Kantzow, R.N., and Mrs. de Kantzow, of Rose Cottage, Southwick, Hants., were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks



Stavert—de Horsey

Lieut. George William (Sandy) Stavert, K.O.S.B., only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Stavert, of Endmoor, near Kendall, and Diana de Horsey, younger daughter of the late Admiral de Horsey, and Mrs. de Horsey, of 39, Hill Street, W.1, were married at St. Luke's, Sydney Street (instead of Chelsea Old Church, destroyed by enemy action)



Ryder—Green-Wilkinson

The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated at the wedding at St. Peter's, Cranbourne, of Com. Robert Edward Dudley Ryder, R.N., youngest son of Colonel and Mrs. C. H. D. Ryder, of Stockwood, Camberley, Berks., and Constance Hilaré Mysfamey Green-Wilkinson, third daughter of the Rev. Lumley and Mrs. Green-Wilkinson, of Lovel Hill, Windsor Forest



Montgomery—Irving

Lieut. James S. Montgomery, R.A.M.C., and Dorothea Bethia Irving, daughter of Sir Miles and Lady Irving, of Bayswater Farm, Headington, Oxon, were married at St. Andrew's, Old Headington. He is the son of James Montgomery, of Craik, Fife, and the late Mrs. Montgomery



Duckworth—Tollenaar

Lieut. Anthony John Stanhope Duckworth, the Rifle Brigade, is the youngest son of the late Sir George Duckworth, and Lady Margaret Duckworth, of Dalingridge Place, Sharpthorne, Sussex, and a cousin of the Earl of Carnarvon. Audrey Diana Tollenaar is the youngest daughter of Mr. J. N. Tollenaar, of 177, Sloane Street, S.W.1, and Mrs. M. C. L. Ommannney. They were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street



McCormack—Eccles

Lieut. Cyril McCormack, Eire Army, only son of Count John McCormack and Countess McCormack, of Woodsend, South Ascot, Berks., was married at Dublin University Church to Patricia Luis (Paddy) Eccles, Dublin Gale Theatre actress, and daughter of the late Captain W. E. L. Eccles, and Mrs. Eccles, of Dunderry Park, Navan, Co. Meath. The famous Irish tenor sang at his son's wedding

(Continued on page 218)



Decency

There, in a word, you have the essence of the Englishman's idea of behaviour. It governs his relationships with his fellow-men. He would wish it to guide the conduct of nations. Because decent behaviour creates confidence—confidence between governments and the governed, between master and man, manufacturer and consumer.

To a large degree the success of the Companies controlled by Viscount Nuffield (they were responsible for a major part of this country's motor transport before the war) has been built up on that very basis. Their cars won public preference because they were designed conscientiously from the motorist's point of view. Their Dealers won confidence because they, too, put the motorist's interests first. Every craftsman

in the Nuffield Organization brought to his task a sincere desire to give generously of his knowledge and skill.

The benefits of this liberal policy are cumulative. Concentrated solely on the production of war material, the Nuffield Group of Companies has mobilised an army of many thousands of the finest type of British craftsman. And here is a force that, with the coming of a victorious peace, will be released for the betterment of motoring.

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Getting Married (Continued)



Clark — Ross

Captain D. M. Clark, Seaforth Highlanders of Canada, elder son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. J. A. Clark, of Vancouver, B.C., and Joan Napier Ross, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. H. M. Ross, of Limpsfield, Surrey (formerly of Rivermead Court, Barnes), were married at St. Peter's, Tandridge



Whitbread — Russell

Major William Henry Whitbread, the Lovat Scouts, son of H. W. Whitbread, of Norton Bavant Manor, Warminster, Wilts., and Betty Parr Russell, daughter of the late Samuel Russell, and Mrs. Russell, of 18, Grange Rd., Eastbourne, were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Kerr — Abbott

Sec.-Lieut. John Douglas Kerr, Irish Guards, and Margaret Abbott were married at St. Luke's, Sydney Street. He is the son of Mrs. J. E. D. Kerr, of Dial House, Denham, Bucks., and she is the daughter of the late Lieut. William Abbott, and Mrs. Abbott, of Boundary Lodge, Denham



Joss — Standring

Lieut. C. A. Joss, Royal Tank Regiment, eldest son of Mrs. E. M. Joss, and Jill Standring, younger daughter of the late Lieut.-Com. J. W. M. Standring, and Mrs. Guy Wilson, of Roundwood, Windlesham, Surrey, were married at Windlesham Parish Church



Bosanquet — Mason

Major Neville Richard Gustavus Bosanquet, Royal Welch Fusiliers, only son of the late F. G. Bosanquet, and Mrs. Bosanquet, and Nancy Mason, daughter of W. F. Mason, and Mrs. Mason, of Guantánamo, Cuba, and 35, Dover Street, W.1, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



Reinhold — Scriven

Captain Gordon George Reinhold, M.C., only son of Colonel and Mrs. H. E. Reinhold, of Farnborough Park, Hants., and Barbara Pearce Scriven, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Pearce Scriven, of Sayers Common, Sussex, were married at Sayers Common Parish Church



Stevens — Barnes

Pilot-Officer Keith Stevens, R.A.F.V.R., and Cherry Barnes, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Barnes, of Hatchford Hall, Cobham, Surrey, were married at Brompton Parish Church. He is the youngest son of the late H. W. Stevens, and Mrs. Stevens, of 4, Chiltern Court, Sutton, Surrey



Jenyns — Berridge

Roger Soame Jenyns, son of the late R. B. Jenyns, and Mrs. Jenyns, of Bottisham Hall, Cambridgeshire, and Anne Thomson Berridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Berridge, of Screebe, Co. Galway, and 46, Chester Sq., S.W.1, were married at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street



Hobart-Tichborne — Priest

A wedding in East Africa was that of Lieut. Roger Hobart-Tichborne, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. Hobart-Tichborne, of Sussex, and Joan Priest, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Priest, of Dunedin, New Zealand. They were married at the Cathedral of the Highlands, Nairobi

(Concluded on page 228)

Courtesy with simplicity is achieved by the striking use of contrast in a dinner gown created for evenings to come. In black with waistband and panniers of ice blue, gold or white ; also Paris blue with ice, or grey with cherry. (It can be ordered in self colours). Hips 35-42. From the Younger Set Gowns. **7 gns.**

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Harrods Ltd
London SW1



The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



Women are busily engaged in planning their wardrobes for the spring, and in order to comply with the wishes of His Majesty's Government they are thinking in terms of economy. This does not signify things cheap, as that is false economy, but well-cut practical dresses carried out in good materials. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, are making a feature of 'maternity' dresses, which are of the greatest assistance in creating harmonious lines during the time when the figure is undergoing a change. The frock pictured above is made of blue and white crepe, reinforced with a neatly tucked vest; it is five and a half guineas. There are many variations on this theme, some with coatees and others innocent of the same. The gadgets introduced are as neat as they are practical.

Spring notes are reflected in the Pringle suits, cardigans and pullovers. They are sold by stores of prestige all over the world, but should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, Robert Pringle and Son, of Hawick, will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent. The coat and skirt pictured on the right is of angora fleck. The skirt is arranged with a neat fastening at the sides and two inverted pleats, while the coat has perfectly cut broad shoulders and capacious pockets. It is warmly to be recommended for wearing when "off duty." It is available in a variety of colour schemes to harmonise with the jumpers and pullovers. The slender lines which characterise all the Pringle productions must be noted.



Ever so light and warm are the Pringle cashmere and angora accessories, no matter whether it be a pullover or coatee. Pure Indian cashmere makes the model above. As will be seen, it has short sleeves, and sunray pleating at the neck, finished with a cravat bow; in order that it may fit snugly it is ribbed at the waist. There are few suits whose charm it will not increase, and few occasions when it may not be appropriately worn. Generally speaking the jumpers have short sleeves and the cardigans and pullovers long.





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The "Tatler and Bystander" Short Story

Caprice

By Hermione Gingold

Illustration by Helen Rhein

HE sat with his hands poised above the piano keys.

"What shall I play you? What is it you would like to hear?"

The answers came swiftly, from various parts of the room:

"Chopin!"

"Bach!"

"Debussy!"

"A nice waltz!"

"Anything you like!"

Joseph turned from the piano and looked into the room. A log blazed up in the fire, and the newly awakened flames revealed them to him in dancing light. There they lay on divans and chairs, lazily stretched out after their good dinner. Their stomachs were fed, and in return for their hospitality, he was prepared to feed their souls—"that is, if they have any souls!" thought Joseph, and then dismissed the thought. "They are kind people," he mused. "It is not their fault that they are not artists. Because I am a refugee, they treat me as if I were a hurt animal, but that is natural; it is known that the English love animals more than human beings. They have kind, stupid faces, and can still laugh. And why not? Here in the still English countryside nothing of war has yet touched them. I shall not wake them from their good digestion, but will play them something that will not bother them. Dessert music? Perhaps! No, I shall play for myself!" His fingers touched the keys.

LYNDA was curled up near Hugh on the divan. She looked like a beautiful cat. She knew she looked like a beautiful cat, so beautiful that Hugh would reach out his hands to stroke hers. He did, and her fingers closed on his. So they lay, listening a little, and the music to them became a background to the delight they found in touching one another.

Mrs. Halford sighed, settled her huge bulk back in the armchair, and wished they could listen to the music with

the light on, so that she could get on with her knitting.

Mr. Halford dozed.

Young David Halford watched Joseph's face in the flickering light. "He looks as if he was playing what was in his soul. I could work for years and never play like that. But this Joseph studied in Munich. He is a Jew. He suffered. He is my age, yet he is a man. I am only a boy!"

David looked round at his parents. "They don't understand how good his playing is. I could kill them for being so smug. They ask him for the weekend to please me, and in return he plays for them. Not that they really

want to hear him, but because it is polite to ask him. The gift he gives them is too good for them. Damn them for being gracious! And Lynda and Hugh—they should be sitting at a cinema, holding hands as they are now, while the mighty Wurlitzer booms and groans. It is too little to make this music the background to their senses. Shall I make him stop? No, his eyes are shut; he does not see us or know we are here. He is playing for himself!"

"I play for myself. If I shut my eyes, I can forget this room, these people. It is spring. I am in Munich. Otto and I are walking home after a concert. We are arm in arm. Our feet hardly seem to touch the ground, we are so exalted by the music we have heard. Beethoven is our God, and we have come from worshipping. Otto is as dear to me as a brother. He plays the violin like an angel. We work all day, but in the evening we meet, sometimes in his room, sometimes in mine, and we talk of music and the future. We will always work together, and it must be work, work, work. No woman for us to lure us for one hour from our purpose. We will devote our lives to music, to lovely sounds only will we lend our ears. Not for us the coy laughter of girls. Our mistress is music, and our devotion insatiable. Oh, Munich, Munich!"

His fingers grew lyrical; the music softened.

"Munich then! And after—1939! The violins are mute, the pianos still. Other sounds are stirring. Voices are raised, but not in song. Oh, Munich. Otto! The parting! Otto, as dear, dearer than a brother, gone with all the other lovely things. Good bye, Otto, good-bye! And his voice, low and tender, 'Good-bye, Joseph. Never forget me, Joseph! One day we shall be together again, and music will fill the air—music for our meeting'."

"OTTO, let us meet again," his fingers entreated. The music seemed like a soul crying.

That's funny, thought Lynda, it sounds like a plane. We don't usually get them over here at night.

Mrs. Halford hears it, too. "I hope the maids have seen to the blackout!"

Hugh whispers, "Lynda! Lynda, look beautiful again. Don't frown, darling. It's only one of ours, don't be frightened!"

David: "Something is going to happen. It's in the music."

Joseph: "Otto, Otto, let it be soon and with music, our meeting!"

There was a dull thud. The windows rattled.

"Christ! That's a German plane!"

"A German plane?"

"Lynda, don't be frightened. Hang on to me!"

"It's coming nearer—listen!"

"Mother, it's all right!"

"Lynda, hang on!"

So much light, and so much noise, and then all is still—except for the whisper of dust settling on the broken house. The people—and the music—die too. Otto flies away into the starry, steel-blue sky.



"I play myself. If I shut my eyes, I can forget the room, these people . . ."



Men's clothes by
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There may be some difficulty in
obtaining Drescott clothes because of
the limitation of supplies imposed by
H.M. Government on all civilian wear.
But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.

Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

AT the annual meeting of a women's club, the vicar's wife was offered a cup of tea. "Would you mind if I had a glass of champagne instead?" she whispered in the hostess's ear. "This is the only occasion on which I can get one, and I look forward to it."

"But I thought," said the hostess, "that you were the leader of our local teetotallers?"

"Oh, no, I'm the president of our Purity League."

"How stupid of me!" said the hostess. "I knew there was something you didn't do."

AFTER a stern chase the policeman had run his quarry to earth in a lane that was coated with inches of liquid mud. Here the suspect showed fight, and before the policeman had time to draw his truncheon the struggle developed into a wrestling match. Both strongly built, they struggled fiercely until the prisoner fell heavily into a pool of muddy water, with the officer on top of him.

A slight tap on the head with the policeman's truncheon put the man in a more amiable frame of mind, and he allowed the handcuffs to be slipped on his wrists.

The captor drew the prisoner's attention to the state of his new uniform.

The prisoner gazed at the mud for a moment and then drawled, "That's the worst of navy blue. It shows every little mark."

THREE Italian bombers encountered one of our aircraft and were shot down into the sea.

The crews, numbering twelve in all, were picked up by a British battleship and put to bed in the spare top bunks.

Next morning, when the captain inspected them, he found they were bruised black and blue.

"What's happened to these prisoners," he inquired.

"Well, sir," explained a sailor, "one of them kept saying, 'Spitfire, Spitfire' in his sleep. And every time he said 'Spitfire' the other eleven baled out!"

THE tailor was packing up the coat which Brown had just purchased.

"You know, sir," he said, "I am letting you have this garment at a sacrifice."

"Indeed," said Brown, who considered he had paid quite a fair price.

"Less than it cost me to make," said the tailor, busy with the parcel.

Brown couldn't stand this. "Look here," he said, "You're always telling me that. How on earth do you make a living?"

The tailor smiled meekly. "I make a small profit on the paper and string, sir," he said.



"I suppose you haven't come across a pearl-backed collar stud?"

THE taxi was a very ancient one and had taken an unconscionable time to reach its destination.

As the passenger paid his fare, he remarked: "How do you manage when your fare is in a desperate hurry?"

"Ah," said the driver, leaning towards the passenger, confidentially, "I keeps on changin' me gears an' 'onking me 'ooter."

(Continued on page 226)

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Bubble and Squeak

(Continued from page 224)

A STORY from "across the herring pond": Mr. John Q. Vanderastor paced his office angrily.

"A fine thing," he muttered to himself. "I'll tell that man something that he won't forget in a hurry."

He pressed a button insistently. His secretary entered, book in hand. The girl needed but one look to see that something was radically wrong.

"Yes, Mr. Vanderastor?" said the girl.

The boss banged his desk.

"Sit down, Miss Freyer," he ordered. "I want you to take down a letter to Allan P. Jones of Smith, Jones & Smith. You remember him, don't you, Miss Freyer? He's the fellow who stuck our firm with that last shipment of dud radiators."

Mr. Vanderastor burned at the very thought of the man. He began to pace the office furiously again.

"I'm going to tell that crook plenty," he raged. "Oh, boy, will this letter make his face turn red!"

Miss Freyer poised her pencil.

"Yes, sir," she piped. "I'm all ready."

The boss walked around his chair.

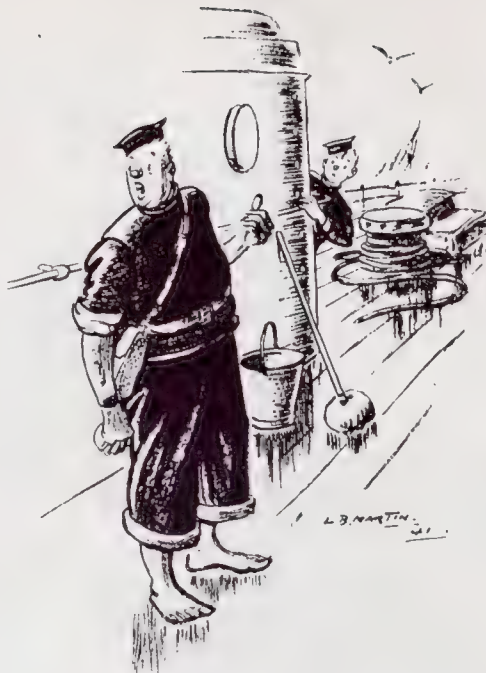
"Listen, Miss Freyer," he said. "You had better stuff your ears with cotton wool. This letter is going to be pretty terrific!"

The secretary was astounded.

"But, Mr. Vanderastor," she protested, "if I stuff my ears with cotton wool, how will I know what to say in the letter?"

Vanderastor chewed savagely on his cigar.

"Don't be such a dope," he growled. "Do you have to stuff the wool in tight?"



"This twerp of a boy 'as broken every blinkin' saucer in th' ship, Nobby—nah we've gotto drink aht o' th' cups!"

A MAN who was looking for a horse to buy remarked to the dealer with him that a certain horse was old.

"This 'orse old?" protested the dealer, "Why, 'e's a really good 'orse—see 'ow strong 'e is in the wind."

"Yes, I can see he is," retorted the customer, "he seems to have blown all his teeth out."

"THESE men look like a lot of monkeys in moult," said the inspecting officer to the camp barber. "What were you in civil life?"

"I was a coal trimmer at the wharves, sir," replied the barber.

JONES had lived in his new house but a few weeks, and scarcely knew his neighbours by sight. Then one night his house caught fire. Rushing from the front door he found two neighbours already on the scene.

"I say," Jones cried excitedly, "will you run to the corner and give the alarm?"

"Very sorry," explained the man, "but I have a wooden leg and can't run."

The other man pressed forward.

"I say," said Jones, turning to his new ally, "while I'm getting the things out run over to the corner of the street and shout 'Fire!'"

"I'm suffering from laryngitis," said the other neighbour in a whisper.

There was not a moment to spare, but Jones found time to turn to them and say, politely:

"Suppose both of you go into the house and bring out easy chairs and sit down here and enjoy the blaze."

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 No. Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the 1st day of the following month.

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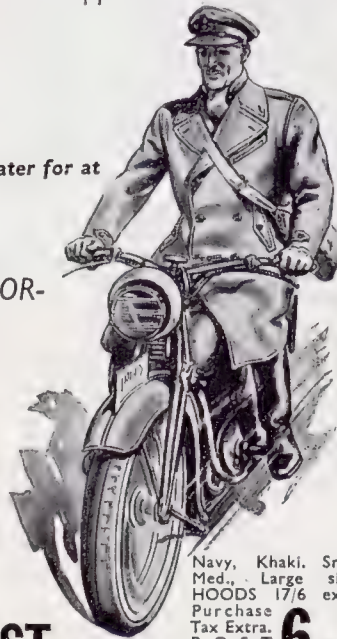
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THE TATLER and BYSTANDER

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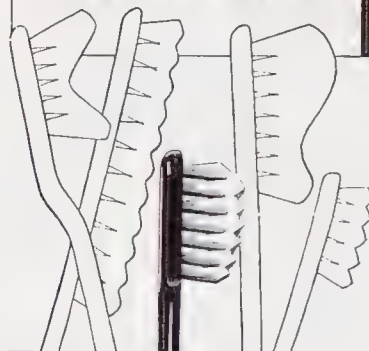
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Because of wartime difficulties, fewer TEKs can be made than formerly. We very much regret the inconvenience to retailers and their customers. Even if you should be disappointed occasionally, remember to ask for TEK as supplies may have arrived in the meantime.

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STOP THAT COLD WITH VAPEX



From your Chemist 2/3 & 3/4 including Purchase Tax
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

THE NATION CANNOT AFFORD COLDS

Getting Married

(Continued from page 218)



Merris—Rigge

Dr. Kenneth John Merris and Winifred Loftus (Freda) Rigge were married at St. Mary's, Kemsing. He is the younger son of Col. and Mrs. John Merris, of Platcroft, Fleet, Hants, and she is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Rigge, of South Cottage, Kemsing, Kent



Hudson-Bennett—Winnick

Ernest Hudson-Bennett, R.E., is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hudson-Bennett, of Meyrickton, Hill Crest, Natal, South Africa. Pamela Winnick, is the daughter of Mrs. S. M. C. Guttman, of 38 Causewayside, Cambridgeshire. They were married at Christchurch, Down Street



Collard—Street

Sec.-Lt. John Ambrose Collard, the Cheshire Regt., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Septimus Collard, of Kemsing, Kent, and Quita Margaret Street, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Street, of Wilton House, Kenilworth, Oxon., were married at St. Nicholas, Harpenden. The bride is in the W.A.A.F.

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Goods sent on approval against suitable references

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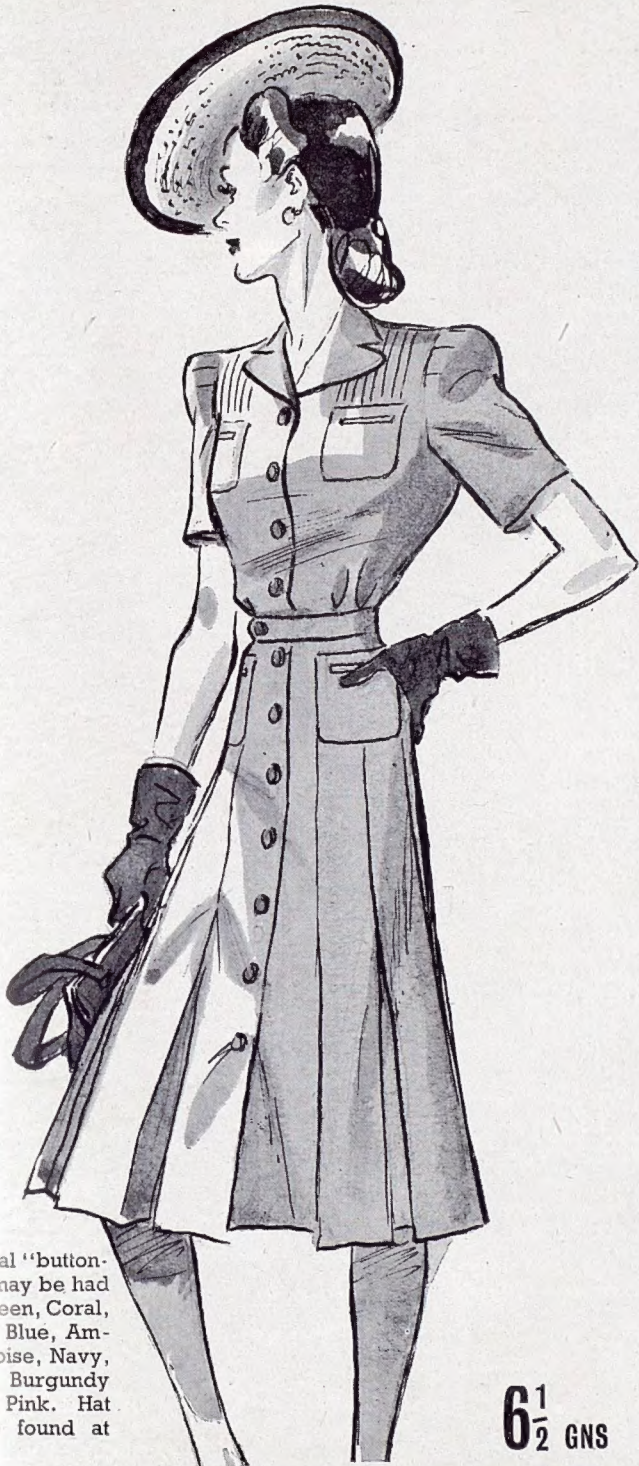
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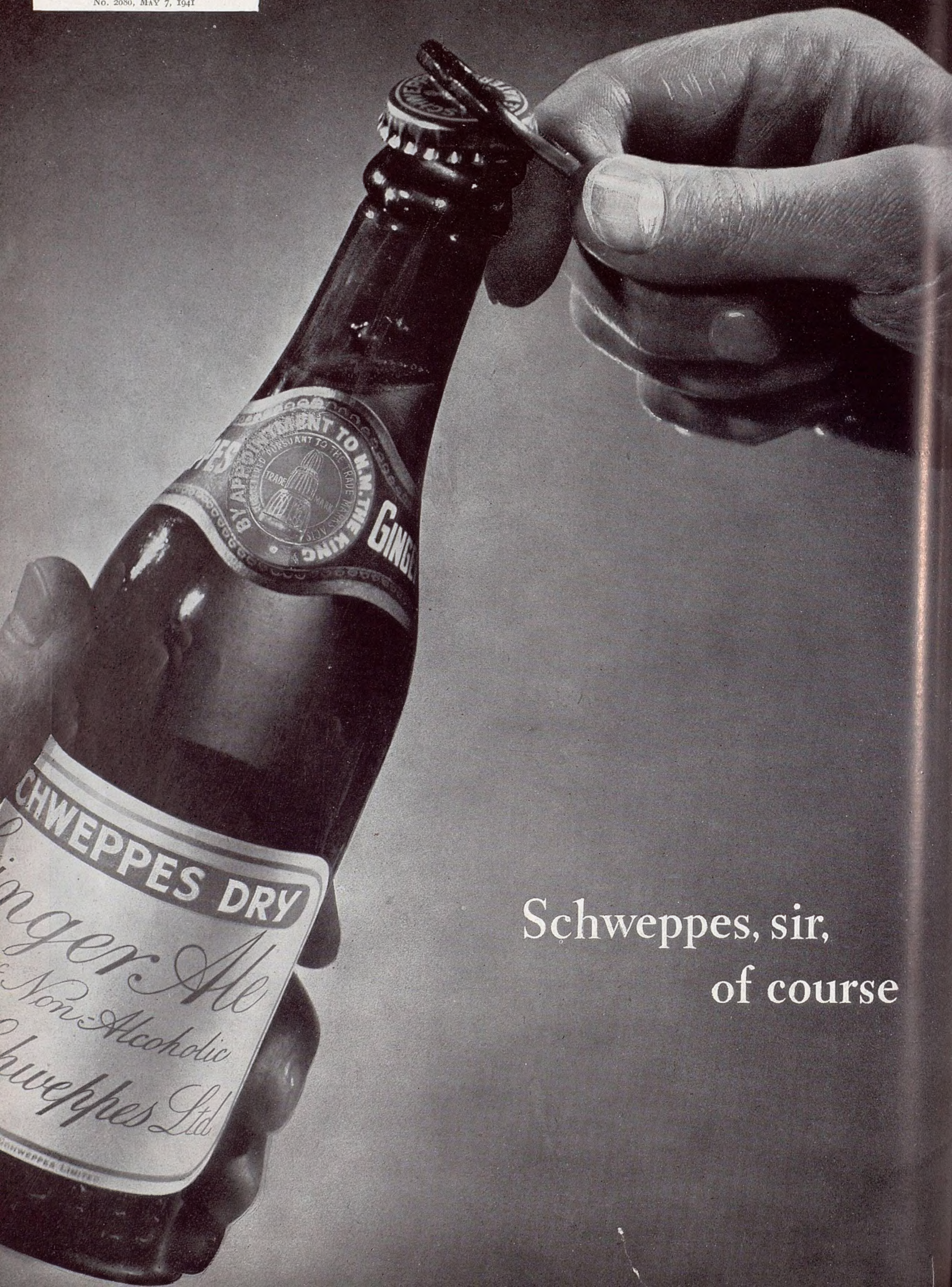
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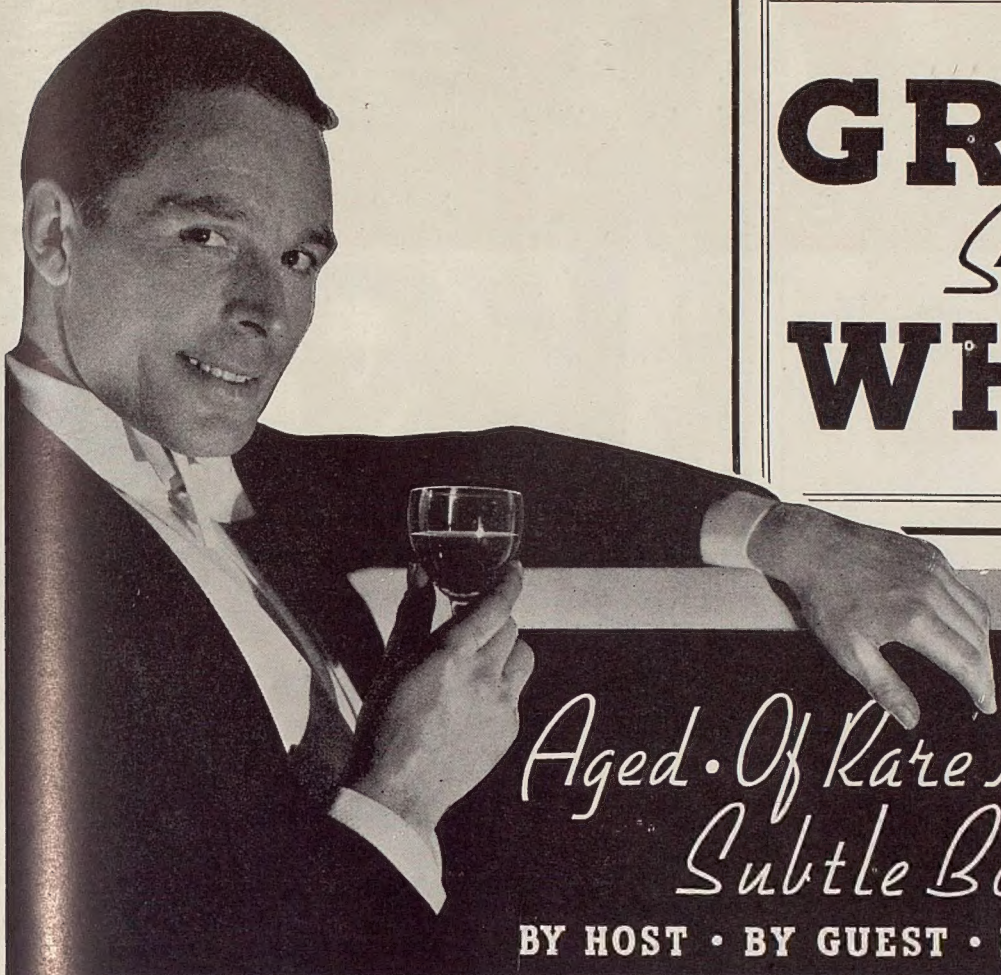
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If there is any one who never gets a headache, who never wakes up in the morning with a head feeling muzzy and woolly and unable to concentrate and think clearly, this is not for him. But for nine out of ten of us, here is something really important.

When you get a headache, whether it is caused by a disturbed night, overwork, or worry or stuffy rooms or smoking too much or even drinking too much, ten to one you're suffering from an "acid condition" as well. It's little good taking something to ease the pain unless you get rid of the acidity as well. Your headache is bound to come back.

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